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COLLECTION

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OF

**HYMNS,**

FOR

**CAMP MEETINGS, REVIVALS, &c.**

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**PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.**

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EDITED BY

**HUGH BOURNE.**

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**BEMERSLEY NEAR TUNSTALL:**

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
**PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONNEXION,**

BY J. BOURNE.

—  
1821.

## PREFACE.

**T**HE ANNUAL MEETING, assembled at TUNSTALL, in May, 1821, directed the Book Committee to prepare a COLLECTION OF HYMNS, suited to Camp Meetings, Revivals, &c. for the general use of the PRIMITIVE METHODISTS; the Collection formerly made by Hugh Bourne, being both too small, and not properly suited to the purposes of worship. To carry into effect the designs of the Annual Meeting, the present Hymn Book has been prepared. Many of the Hymns in H. B.'s Collection, are adopted in this, the long ones being divided, to render them more suitable to the purposes of public worship.

Many Hymns are inserted, consisting of ONE, TWO, and THREE verses each. These will be found a great accommodation to Prayer Meetings, and may also be used on other occasions.

But the chief excellency in this Collection, is, the great number of ORIGINAL HYMNS, composed for the purpose, by Members of the Primitive Methodist Society. These were recommended by the Annual Meeting; and are well adapted to the general use of the PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONNECTION. The whole must now be left to the Blessing of Almighty God.

N. B. The numbers of the Hymns are put at the TOP of the Pages, and the numbers of the pages at the BOTTOM.

BEMERSLEY NEAR TUNSTALL, }

AUGUST 10, 1821. }

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# HYMNS.

GETS



## HYMN 1. All 7's.

1 CHRIST he sits on Zion's hill,  
 He receives poor sinners still;  
 Will you serve this blessed King,  
 Come, enlist, and with me sing:  
*I his soldier sure shall be,  
 Happy in eternity.*

2 I by faith enlisted am,  
 In the service of the Lamb;  
 Present pay I now receive,  
 Peace of conscience he doth give:—&c.

3 What a captain I have got,  
 Is not mine a happy lot;  
 Therefore will I take the sword,  
 Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord:—&c.

4 Let the world their forces join,  
 With the pow'rs of hell combine,  
 Greater is my King than they,  
 Surely I shall win the day:—&c.

5 Wicked men I scorn to fear,  
 Though they persecute me here;  
 Though they may my body kill,  
 Yet my King's on Zion's hill:—&c

6 Brother soldiers still fight on,  
 'Till the battle you have won;  
 The great captain you have chose,  
 Never did a battle lose:—&c.

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HYMN 2. C. M. *Jubilee.*

- 1 **A**RISE, O Zion! rise and shine,  
Behold thy light is come ;  
Thy glorious conqu'ring King is near  
To take his exiles home ;  
His spirit now is pouring out,  
To set poor captives free ;  
The day of wonder now is come,  
The year of Jubilee.
- 2 The glorious gospel of the Lord,  
Is spreading far and near ;  
And those who hear the quick'ning word,  
Are mov'd with godly fear ;  
But soon they tell to all around,  
That Christ has set them free ;  
The day of wonder now is come,  
The year of Jubilee.
- 3 Brave soldiers dear, pray don't you fear,  
Our Captain is above :  
Behold him stand, at God's right hand,  
His bowels melt with love ;  
O Christians help to praise the Lamb,  
Who died for you and me ;  
The day of wonder now is come,  
The year of Jubilee.
- 4 Methinks I hear the watchmen cry,  
O Zion now be bold ;  
Ye saints now raise your voices high,  
And sing both young and old ;  
The year of my redeem'd is come,  
To set poor sinners free ;  
The day of wonder now is come,  
The year of Jubilee.

HYMN 3. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME angels! seize your harps of gold,  
The song of love to man unfold:  
Assist our joys, exalt our praise,  
Another sinner sav'd by grace;  
Glory! glory! let us sing  
While heav'n and earth with glory ring:  
*Hosannah to the Lamb of God.*
- 2 A leper wash'd from every stain,  
Requires a louder, bolder strain;  
The spirit stamp'd and seal'd within,  
The blood of Christ has cleans'd from sin;  
Satan feels his pow'r is gone,  
He falls like light'ning from his throne: *Hos.*
- 3 Come let us sing, and pray, and praise,  
For soon this warring strife shall cease,  
When lost in love—o'erflow'd with God,  
With Christ we take our blest abode;  
Hark! the trumpet speaks him nigh,  
Hark! he comes! while myriads cry, *Hosan.*
- 4 We, little flock, by all contemn'd,  
O'erlook'd, unknown, despis'd, condemn'd;  
With names traduc'd, and lives abhor'd,  
We suffer with our murder'd Lord;  
Yet, when the flames ascend the higher,  
Well shout; triumphant in the fire: *Hosan.*

HYMN 4. C. M.—*Dying Pilgrim.*

- 1 **C**OME all my brethren in the Lord,  
Whose hearts are join'd in one;  
Hold up your heads, with courage bold,  
Your race is almost run;

Above the clouds behold him stand,  
 And smiling, bid you come ;  
 And angels whisp'ring you away,  
 To your eternal home.

- 4 O Christians are you ready now  
 To cross the rolling flood ?  
 On Canaan's happy shore, behold,  
 And see your smiling God ;  
 The dazzling charms of those bright worlds  
 Attract my soul above ;  
 My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,  
 When perfected in love.
- 3 A Pilgrim, on his dying bed,  
 With glory in his soul,  
 Upwards he lifts his longing eyes,  
 Towards the blissful goal ;  
 While friends, and children, weep around  
 And loath to let him go,  
 He shouts with his expiring breath,  
 And leaves them all below.

HYMN 5. 4 Lines 8's & 2-6's.

- 1 **C**OME all my partners in distress,  
 Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,  
 To Canaan's peaceful shore ;  
 Be ready now for all alarms,  
 Gird on your helmets and your arms:  
 Our Captain's gone before.
- 1 Apollyon's armies we must fight,  
 And put the troops of hell to flight,  
 To gain that heav'nly land ;  
 Come on ye soldiers in the rear,  
 Be stout and bold, and never fear ;  
 Come join the conqu'ring band.



- 3 King Jesus' banners mounted high,  
And colours of sweet liberty,  
Behold each glitt'ring star!  
Hark! Hark! the watchmen wind the horn,  
The echo sounds, each soul to warn,  
To Zion's glorious war.
- 4 The watchmen march around the wall,  
In close array the armies all,  
And boast their thousands slain;  
In triumph, hark, the soldiers cry—  
'Thro' Christ, we all our foes defy,  
' And count their malice vain :
- 5 ' We'll shout above the fiery void,  
' And view the earth in flames destroy'd,  
' And tune our harps of gold ;  
' Salvation to our glorious King,  
' We'll make the heav'nly mansions ring,  
' Thro ages yet untold.

## HYMN 6. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME all ye wand'ring pilgrims dear,  
Who are to Canaan bound ;  
Take courage and fight valiantly,  
Obey the trumpet's sound.  
Our Captain has before us gone,  
He's God's eternal Son ;  
Then pilgrim's dear, pray don't you fear,  
But let us follow on :
- 2 Thro' a dark howling wilderness,  
Where chilling winds do roar,  
A land of drought, of pits, and snares.  
To Canaan's peaceful shore.  
But Jesus Christ will with us go,  
And lead us by the way ;  
Should enemies examine us,  
He'll teach us what to say.

3 APOLLYON. Good morning brother traveller,  
Pray tell me, what's your name?

And where it is you're trav'ling to,  
Also from whence you came?

PILGRIM. My name it is the Pilgrim bold,  
To Canaan I am bound;  
I'm from the howling wilderness,  
And the enchanted ground.

4 APOL. Pray what is that upon your head,  
Which shines so clear and bright?

Also the covering of your breast,  
So dazzling to my sight?

What kind of shoes are those you wear,  
On which you boldly stand?

Likewise the shining instrument  
You bear in your right hand?

5 PIL. 'Tis glorious hope upon my head,  
And on my breast my shield;

With this bright sword I mean to fight,  
Until I win the field.

My feet are shod with gospel peace,  
On which I boldly stand:

And I'm resolv'd to fight till death,  
And win fair Canaan's land.

6 APOL. You'd better stay with me young man,  
And give your journey o'er;

Your Captain now is out of sight,  
His face you'll see no more.

Apollyon, sir, I am by name,  
This land belongs to me;

And for thy arms and pilgrim's dress,  
I'll give it all to thee.

7 PIL. O no, reply'd the Pilgrim bold,  
Your offer I disdain;

A glittering crown of righteousness,  
I shortly shall obtain:

O! if I only faithful prove,  
To my great Lord's commands,

I jointly shall be heir with him,  
To Canaan's richest lands.

HYMN 7. *Redemption.*

- 1 **C**OME, friends and relations, let's join heart  
and hand,  
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land;  
Let's all walk together and follow the sound,  
We'll march to the place where redemption is found
- CHO. All glory to Jesus, who died on the tree,  
And purchas'd salvation, for you and for me.
- 2 The place it is hidden to souls dead in sin,  
Who don't see the sorrowful state they are in;  
The place is in Jesus;—to him let us go,  
And there find redemption from sorrow and woe;
- 3 And if you are wounded and bruis'd by the fall,  
Rise up and press forward, for you he doth call;  
Or if you are tempted to doubt or despair,  
Then come unto Jesus;—redemption is there.
- 4 And you my dear brethren who now love the Lord,  
Who've witness'd free pardon by faith in his word,  
Let patience attend you wherever you go,  
Your Saviour hath purchas'd salvation you know.
- 5 We read of commotions and signs in the skies,  
The sun and the moon shall be cloth'd in disguise.  
And when you shall see all these tokens appear,  
Then hold up your heads, your redemption is near.
- 6 O then the archangel the trumpet shall sound,  
And wake all the nations that sleep under ground,  
The sound of the trumpet shall bid you arise,  
To meet your redemption with love and surprise.
- 7 And then loving Jesus our souls will receive,  
From bonds of corruption our bodies retrieve!  
Then we shall be all uncorrupted and free,  
And sing of redemption wherever we be.
- 8 Redeemed from sin, and redeemed from death,  
Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from the  
earth,  
Redeemed from sorrow, redeem'd from all woe,  
We'll sing of redemption wherever we go.

- 9 Redeemed from pain, and redeem'd from distress,  
The fruits of redemption no tongue can express,  
Redemption was purchas'd by Jesus's love ;  
We'll sing of redemption in heaven above.

HYMN 8. P. M.—*Union.*

1 **C**OME saints and sinners hear me tell  
The wonders of Immanuel,  
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,  
And brought my soul with him to dwell,  
And gave me heav'nly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,  
Beheld my soul in ruin lie !  
He look'd on me with pitying eye,  
And said to me, as he pass'd by,  
'With God you have no union.'

3 Then I began to weep and cry,  
I look'd this way and that to fly ;  
It griev'd me sore that I must die,  
I strove salvation for to buy,  
But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,  
My dear Redeemer took me in,  
And with his blood he wash'd me clean,  
And O what seasons have I seen,  
E'er since I felt this union !

5 I prais'd the Lord from day to day,  
And went from house to house to pray,  
And if I met one by the way,  
Always I'd find something to say,  
About this heav'nly union.

6 No wonder that the saints do sing,  
And praise the Lord upon the wing,

And make the heav'nly arches ring  
 With loud hosannas to their King,  
 Who brought their souls to union.

7 O come, backsliders, come away,  
 And mind to do, as well as say,  
 And learn to watch, as well as pray,  
 And bear your cross from day to day,  
 And then you'll feel this union.

8 We soon shall leave all things below,  
 And quit these climes of pain and woe,  
 We then shall all to glory go,  
 And there shall see, and hear, and know,  
 And feel a perfect union.

9 Come, heaven and earth, unite your lays,  
 And give to Jesus endless praise,  
 And oh! my soul, look on and gaze,  
 He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays,  
 To give you heav'nly union.

10 Oh! could I like the angels sound,  
 Salvation through the earth around,  
 The Devil's kingdom to confound,  
 I'd triumph on Immanuel's ground.  
 And spread this holy union.

HYMN 9. P. M.—*Invitation.*

1 **C**OME ye sinners, poor and needy,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore:  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity, love, and power:

CHO. Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,  
 Sound the praise of his dear name;  
 Glory, honour, and salvation,  
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 Now ye needy, come and welcome,  
 God's free bounty glorify!

- True belief and true repentance,  
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh:—&c.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requires,  
Is, to feel your need of him:—&c.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all:—&c.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold him!  
Hear him cry before he dies:—&c.
- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,  
Pleads the merits of his blood;  
Venture on him, venture freely,  
Let no other trust intrude:—&c.
- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb;  
While the blissful seats of heaven,  
Sweetly echo with his name:—&c.

## HYMN 10. P. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, farewell, fare you well,  
My friends I must begone,  
I have no home or stay with you;  
I take my staff and travel on,  
Till I a better world can view,

СНО. Farewell, farewell, fare you well,  
My loving friends, farewell.

- 2 Farewell, farewell, fare you well,  
My friends, time rolls along,

Nor waits for mortals, cares, nor bliss,  
 I must leave here, and travel on,  
 Till I arrive where Jesus is: &c.

3 Farewell, farewell, fare you well,  
 My brethren in the Lord,  
 To you I'm bound with cords of love;  
 Yet we believe his gracious word,  
 Ere long we all shall meet above: &c.

4 Farewell, farewell, fare you well,  
 Old soldiers of the cross,  
 You've struggl'd long and hard for heav'n,  
 You've counted all things else but loss,  
 Fight on, the crown will soon be giv'n:  
 CHO. Fight on, fight on, fight on,  
 The crown will soon be giv'n.

5 Farewell, farewell, fare you well,  
 Ye blooming sons of God,  
 Sore conflicts yet remain for you;  
 Yet dauntless keep the heav'nly road,  
 Till Canaan's happy land you view: &c.

6 Farewell, farewell, fare you well  
 Poor careless sinners too,  
 It grieves my soul to leave you here;  
 Eternal vengeance waits for you,  
 O turn! and find salvation near.

CHO. O turn! O turn! O turn!  
 And find salvation near.

HYMN 11. 4-8's. & 2-6's *Vineyard.*

1 **T**HE Lord's into his vineyard come,  
 The blossoms yield a rich perfume,  
 The ripening fruits appear;  
 The sun of righteousness breaks forth,  
 The showers refresh the teeming earth,  
 And glory crowns the year.

- 2 Beneath his hand his children rise,  
 Like cedars towering to the skies,  
 And shed perfumes around ;  
 Their roots are by the waters spread,  
 The heavenly dew rests on their head,  
 With grace and glory crown'd.

## HYMN 12. C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK ! listen to the trumpeters,  
 They sound for volunteers ;  
 On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount,  
 Behold the officers !  
 Their horses white, their garments bright,  
 With crown and bow they stand ;  
 Enlisting soldiers for their King,  
 To march for Canaan's land.
- 2 The armies now are in parade,  
 How martial they appear !  
 All dress'd and arm'd in uniform  
 They look like Men of War.  
 They follow their brave General,  
 The great eternal Lamb,  
 His garments stain'd in his own blood,  
 King Jesus is his Name.
- 3 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,  
 And drive the hosts of hell ;  
 How dreadful is our God in arms !  
 The great Immanuel !  
 Sinners enlist with Jesus Christ,  
 Th' eternal Son of God ;  
 And march with us to Canaan's land,  
 Beyond the swelling flood.



## HYMN 13. All 7's.

1 **H**ASTE again ye days of grace,  
 When assembled in one place,  
 Signs and wonders mark'd the hour!  
 All were fil'd, and spoke with power;  
 Hands uplifted, eyes o'erflow'd,  
 Hearts enlarged, self destroy'd!  
 All things common, now we'll prove,  
 All our common stock be love.

CHORUS: Jesus now his work revives,  
 Now his quick'ning spirit strives,  
 Oh' let preachers, people—all,  
 Listen to the glorious call!  
 Join the simple lively throng,  
 Catch the fire, and swell the song,  
 Heart in heart, and hand in hand,  
 Spread the life through all the land.

2 Oh! that each may now prevail!  
 Act the faith that cannot fail!  
 Rise and pull the blessing down!  
 Seize the kingdom for their own!  
 Fire our hearts with holy zeal,  
 Glowing still for Zion's weal;  
 Heaven open! blessings pour!  
 Spirit work this present hour!—Jesus now, &c.

3 Lo! the knife we boldly take,  
 Bind our Isaacs to the stake;  
 Freely part with all for thee;  
 Welcome King of liberty!  
 Now we die to self and sin,  
 Nothing feel but love within,  
 May this faith in works abound,  
 Shine and burn to all around.

CHORUS: Pilgrims! soon the journey's done!  
 Warriors! soon the battle's won;  
 Where your doubts, your cares, your fears?  
 See! the glitt'ring crown appears!  
 Hark! the angels shouting cry,  
 'Welcome! Welcome! to the sky!'  
 Jesus calls, and calls for thee;  
 'Faithful servant come to me.'

- 4 Satan, fill'd with hellish spite,  
 Veil'd in robes of borrow'd light,  
 Strove to scatter ruin wide,  
 Disunite and then divide !  
 Still his utmost skill shall fail,  
 Patient love shall still prevail ;  
 Clust'ring closer, now we'll cling,  
 Swarm and hive around our King. Pilgrims, &c.

HYMN 14. *Invitation.*

- 1 **C**OME, O come thou vilest sinner,  
 Christ is ready to receive ;  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
 Jesu's balm can cure more.  
 Halleluia, halleluia, halleluia to the Lamb.
- 2 Welcome, welcome, brother christian,  
 To a rich and wealthy place ;  
 Enter in thou heav'n born creature,  
 Christ is here, there's nothing sweeter : &c.
- 3 Oh how dead we all have been !  
 Christ revives his work again ;  
 He is bringing to his fold,  
 Rich and poor, young and old : &c.
- 4 Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,  
 To the God of all our praise ;  
 He that sends us light from high ;  
 There let all our wishes fly : &c.
- 5 When we reach that blissful place,  
 We shall with our Jesus feast,  
 We shall with him happy be,  
 Sing to all eternity : Halleluia, &c.
- 6 We shall stand before his throne,  
 We shall wear a glorious crown ;  
 We shall shine like stars above,  
 Drink the living streams of love : &c.

- 7 We shall there be cloth'd in white,  
All our garments glitt'ring bright;  
Christ will wipe all tears away,  
We shall with him ever stay : &c.
- 8 There we shall with angels stand,  
Golden harps in all our hands;  
In bright mansions there proclaim,  
The wonders of a Saviour's name : &c.

HYMN 15. P. M.—*Judgment.*

- 1 **Y**ONDER see the Lord decending,  
Mark his chariot drawing nigh,  
Starry vault before him rending,  
Flaming troops, descend the sky.
- CHO. Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,  
Sound the praise of his dear name,  
Glory, honour and salvation,  
Christ the Lord is come to reign,
- 2 Heaven is shaking, earth is quaking,  
Mountains fly before his face;  
See the dead their graves forsaking,  
Nature sinking to a blaze: Turn, &c.
- 3 Now behold the shining warriors,  
Rising from their dusty beds,  
Fly to meet their blessed Saviour,  
Glitt'ring crowns upon their heads: &c.
- 4 Now he's crowned with a rainbow,  
Brighter than the sardine stone,  
Coming' with the clouds of heaven,  
Sitting on his great white throne: &c.
- 5 Once a bleeding on the mountain,  
There his precious blood did run!  
Now he's brought us to the fountain,  
Springing from his Father's throne. &c.

## HYMN 16. All 7's.

- 1 **O** YE children of the light,  
 Keep your garments always white;  
 Then with all the sanctified,  
 Christ will claim you for his bride!  
 CHO. Then you'll ever with him be,  
 Happy in eternity.
- 2 O ye mourning, seeking souls,  
 See! for you the torrent rolls;  
 Now believe with all your might,  
 Christ will make your garments white: &c.
- 3 O ye ransom'd sinners come,  
 Christ is bringing wand'ers home;  
 Now repent and turn to God,  
 Wash your robes in Jesu's blood: &c.

## HYMN 17. P. M.

- 1 **L**IFT up your hearts Immanuel's friends,  
 And taste the pleasures Jesus sends;  
 Let nothing cause you to delay,  
 But hasten on the good old way, and I'll sing hal-  
 And glory be to God on high: [leluia:  
 And I'll sing halleluia:  
 There's glory beaming through the sky,  
 And I'll sing halleluia.
- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,  
 Shall not prevent our victory;  
 If we but strive, watch, and and pray,  
 Like soldiers in the good old way:—And I'll, &c.
- 3 O good old way, how sweet thou art,  
 May none of us from thee depart;  
 But may our actions always say,  
 'We're marching in the good old way:—&c.
- 4 Tho' Satan may his pow'rs employ,  
 Our happiness for to destroy,  
 Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,  
 And shout and sing the good old way:—&c.

- 5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,  
 And view by faith the promis'd land,  
 Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,  
 And march along the good old way:—And I'll, &c.
- 6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,  
 Remember, glory's at the end!  
 Our God will wipe all tears away,  
 When we have run the good old way:—&c.
- 7 Then far beyond this mortal shore.  
 We'll meet with those who're gone before,  
 And shout to think we've gain'd the day,  
 By marching in the good old way:—And I'll &c.

## HYMN 18. 4-8's. &amp; 2-6's.

- 1 **M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my years  
 Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,  
 Around the steady pole;  
 Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,  
 And I must launch thro' endless deeps,  
 Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen,  
 How swift the moments pass between!  
 And whisper as they fly:  
 'Unthinking man, remember this,  
 'Though fond of sublunary bliss,  
 'That thou must groan and die.'
- 3 My soul attend the solemn call,  
 Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,  
 And thou must take thy flight,  
 Beyond the vast expansive blue,  
 To sing above, as angels do,  
 Or sink in endless night,
- 4 How great the bliss, how great the woe,  
 Hang on this point of time below,  
 On this precarious breath;

The Lord of nature only knows,  
Whether another year shall close,  
Ere I expire in death.

- 5 Long ere this sun shall roll his round,  
I may be buried under ground,  
And there in silence rot :  
Alas ! an hour may close the scene,  
And, ere twelve months shall roll between,  
My name be quite forgot.

## HYMN 19. P. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul's full of glory which inspires my tongue,  
Could I meet with angels I'd sing them a song  
I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,  
And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.
- 2 Tho' worms my poor body may claim as their prey,  
'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at noon-day,  
O bring me to view thee thou precious sweet King,  
In mansions of glory, thy praises to sing.
- 3 A glimpse of bright glory o'erpowers my soul,  
I sink in sweet vision, to view the bright goal ;  
My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go,  
This moment, for heaven, I'd leave all below.
- 4 Farewell my dear brethren, my Lord bids me come,  
Farewell, my dear children, I'm now going home ;  
Bright angels are whisp'ring so sweet in my ear,  
' Away to thy Saviour, thy spirit we'll bear.'

## HYMN 20. L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, my heart with love inflame,  
That I may in thy holy name,  
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,  
While I have breath to raise my voice.  
Then will I shout, then will I sing,  
I'll make the heavenly arches ring :  
I'll sing and shout for evermore,  
On that eternal happy shore.

- 2 O! hope of glory, Jesus come,  
And keep my heart thy humble home :  
For the small remnant of my days,  
I want to sing and shout thy praise.  
Oh! give me Lord a heart to pray,  
And live rejoicing every day!  
To praise thy name in every thing,  
And sing and shout, and shout and sing.
- 3 When on my dying bed I lie,  
Lord, give me strength to shout and cry,  
And praise thee with my latest breath,  
Until my voice is still'd by death.  
Then brothers, sisters, shouting come,  
My body follow to the tomb,  
And as you march the solemn road.  
Loud sing and shout the praise of God.
- 4 Then you below, and I above,  
We'll shout and praise the God we love ;  
Until that great and glorious day,  
When Christ shall shout and wake our clay.  
Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,  
And shout, 'O death! where is thy sting?  
O grave! where is thy victory?'  
We'll shout to all eternity.
- 5 Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize ;  
'Well done,' the Sovereign of the skies,  
Will smiling to his children say,  
'Come reign with me in endless day.'  
Then on that happy, happy shore,  
We'll sing and shout our suff'rings o'er :  
We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,  
And make the heav'nly Zion ring.

## HYMNS 21. C. M.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye,  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.  
 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,  
 That rises to my sight!  
 Sweet fields array'd in living green,  
 And rivers of delight.
- 2 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,  
 On trees immortal grow;  
 There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,  
 With milk and honey flow.  
 All o'er those wide extended plains  
 Shines one eternal day;  
 There God the Son for ever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.
- 3 No chilling winds, no pois'nous breath,  
 Can reach that healthful shore;  
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
 Are felt and fear'd no more.  
 When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be for ever bless'd?  
 When shall I see my Father's face,  
 And in his bosom rest?
- 4 Fill'd with delight my raptur'd soul  
 Can here no longer stay;  
 Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless I'd launch away.  
 There on those high and flow'ry plains,  
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire;  
 But in perpetual joyful strains,  
 Redeeming love admire.



HYMN 22. C. M.

- 1 **A** LAS! how soon the body dies!  
'Tis but an earthly clod!  
Each passing moment loudly cries,  
Prepare to meet thy God.
- 2 Behold, he comes, in yonder cloud!  
All nature feels his nod!  
The whole creation cries aloud,  
Prepare to meet thy God.
- 3 The man who slights the Saviour's grace,  
Must bear his vengeful rod;  
Sinner, lest this should be thy case,  
Prepare to meet thy God.
- 4 The way that leads to endless rest,  
Perhaps thou ne'er hast trod;  
But if thou would be truly blest,  
Prepare to meet thy God.

HYMN 23. C. M.

- 1 **O** UR souls, by love together knit,  
Cemented, mixt in one,  
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,  
'Tis heaven on earth begun;  
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,  
And glow'd with sacred fire,  
He stopt, and talk'd, and fed, and blest,  
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

CHO. A Saviour, let creation sing;  
A Saviour, let all heaven ring!  
He's God with us, we feel him ours;  
His fulness in our souls he pours;  
'Tis almost done; 'tis almost o'er;  
We're joining them who're gone before,  
We soon shall reach the blissful shore,  
We then shall meet to part no more.

- 2 We are soldiers fighting for our God,  
 Let trembling cowards fly;  
 We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fixt,  
 With Christ to live and die!  
 Let devils rage, and hell assail,  
 We'll cut our passage through;  
 Let foes unite, or friends desert,  
 We'll seize the crown our due: &c.
- 3 The little cloud increases still,  
 The heavens are big with rain,  
 We haste to catch the teeming shower,  
 And all its moisture drain;  
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,  
 But pour the mighty flood;  
 O sweep the nations! shake the earth,  
 Till all proclaim thee God! &c.
- 4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,  
 And set'st thy starry crown;  
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,  
 Proclaim'd, by thee, thine own;  
 May we—a little band of love,  
 Be sinners sav'd by grace,  
 From glory unto glory chang'd,  
 Behold thee face to face: A Saviour, &c.

## HYMN 24. C. M.

- 1 **P**OOOR Zion lies in sore distress,  
 Her walls are broken down,  
 The briers of the wilderness  
 Her walks have overgrown.  
 Her palaces are desolate,  
 Her courts a place for owls;  
 ('The satyr there doth meet his mate')  
 And nests for other fowls.

- 2 A dreadful curse hath overspread  
The land, both far and wide;  
The nations mourn for lack of bread,  
The springs of water dried.  
Go! go, ye priests before the Lord,  
And at his altar mourn;  
That he may sheathe his dreadful sword,  
And let his grace return.
- 3 Methinks the cloud begins to move,  
Sweet spring is drawing near;  
The voice of the sweet turtle dove,  
The land begins to cheer.  
Methinks I hear the watchmen cry,  
O Zion now be bold—  
With eagle's wings you soon shall fly,  
The feather's ting'd with gold.
- 4 Your walls again shall be rebuilt,  
Your palaces around;  
The Lord who has remov'd your guilt,  
Doth in rich grace abound.  
He'll pave your streets with purest gold,  
Your gates with diamonds bright;  
Your riches never can be told,  
You are the Lord's delight.

## HYMN 25. P. M. PART FIRST.

- 1 **S**EE how the Scriptures are fulfilling,  
Poor sinners are returning home;  
The time that prophets were foretelling,  
With signs and wonders now is come.  
The gospel trumpets loud are roaring  
From sea to sea, from land to land;  
God's Holy Spirit is down-pouring,  
And Christians joining heart and hand.

- 2 Ten thousands fall before Jehovah,  
 For mercy—mercy, loud they cry:  
 They rise with shouts of halleluia,  
 And glory be to God on high.  
 But many say—'tis all disorder,  
 And disbelieve God's holy word:  
 Yet still they cry and shout the louder,  
 All glory, glory to the Lord.
- 3 O sinners, hear our invitation!  
 You are but feeble dying worms;  
 O fly to Jesus for salvation,  
 Or you will meet God's awful storms!  
 We charge you, in the name of Jesus,  
 The awful judge of quick and dead;  
 But if you do refuse to hear us,  
 Your blood will be on your own head.
- 4 Now God is calling every nation,  
 The bond and free, the rich and poor:  
 These are the days of visitation;  
 Sweet gospel grace will soon be o'er.  
 The Lord will come in clouds and thunder  
 And light'ning beaming from his eye;  
 He then will cut his foes asunder,  
 And hurl them where the damned lie!
- CHO. Save poor sinners, save poor sinners,  
 Save poor sinners from their sins.

This chorus admits of variety, as 'Save backsliders, &c.'—'whole families,'—'our children,'—'our parents'—'our neighbours, &c.

HYMN 26. P. M. PART SECOND.

- 1 **T**HE sea and land together burning,  
 The flames ascend the melting sky;  
 All nature now to nought returning,  
 Hark! hark! the herald angels cry.

See millions of poor wretched creatures,  
Compell'd by justice to appear:  
Deep horror's painted in their features,  
And colours them with dark despair.

2 Dire their cries and lamentation,  
But no relief can then be found;  
The Judge pronounces condemnation,  
And seven thunders echo round.  
Down to the lake of burning fire,,  
And never more my face to see:  
You're doom'd to bear my dreadful ire,  
And blow the flames eternally.

3 Now devils drag them down the center,  
Into the gulf of burning woe;  
Poor wretches, how they dread to enter!  
But, forc'd by vengeance, down they go!  
Now they are paid for persecuting,  
And hindering the work of God;  
For all the time they spent disputing,  
And trampling on a Saviour's blood.

4 O Christians double your exertions,  
And boldly march the heav'nly road;  
Remember, dreadful controversions  
Will fall on those that turn from God.  
Your children all must be converted,  
Or they can never rest with you.  
God's word cannot be controverted;  
God bless you all.—Amen.—Adieu!

## HYMN 27. C. M.

1 **A**T Jacob's well a stranger sought  
His drooping frame to cheer;  
Samaria's daughter little thought  
That Jacob's God was there.

- 2 This had she known, her fainting mind  
 For richer draughts had sigh'd;  
 Nor had Messiah, ever kind,  
 Those richer draughts denied.
- 3 This ancient well, no glass so true,  
 Britannia's image shows;  
 Now Jesus travels Britain through,  
 But who the stranger knows?
- 4 Yet Britain must the stranger know,  
 Or soon her loss deplore;  
 Behold the living waters flow,  
 Come drink, and thirst no more.

## HYMN 28. P. M.

- 1 **S**TOP, poor sinner, stop and think,  
 Before you further go,  
 Can you sport upon the brink  
 Of everlasting woe?  
 Hell beneath is gaping wide,  
 Vengeance waits the dread command,  
 Soon to stop your sport and pride,  
 And sink you with the damn'd.

CH. Once again I charge you stop,  
 For unless you warning take,  
 Ere you are aware, you'll drop  
 Into the burning lake.

- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
 That you his will oppose?  
 Fear you not that iron rod  
 With which he breaks his foes?  
 Can you stand in that great day,  
 When he judgment shall proclaim,  
 And the earth shall melt away,  
 Like wax before the flame?

- 3 Pale-fac'd death will quickly come,  
 And drag you to the bar;  
 Then to hear your awful doom,  
 Will fill you with despair.  
 All your sins will round you crowd,  
 Sins of blood and crimson die;  
 Each for vengeance crying loud,  
 And what will you reply?
- 4 Tho' your heart be made of steel,  
 Your forehead lin'd with brass,  
 God at length will make you feel,  
 He will not let you pass;  
 Sinners then in vain will call,  
 (Tho' they now despise his grace,)  
 Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
 And hide us from his face.
- 5 But as yet there is a hope,  
 You may his mercy know,  
 Tho' his arm be lifted up,  
 He still forbears the blow.  
 'Twas for sinners Jesus died,  
 Sinners he invites to come,  
 None who come shall be denied,  
 He says, There still is room.

## HYMN 29. C. M.

- 1 **S**WEET rivers of redeeming love,  
 Lie just before mine eye;  
 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
 I'd to those rivers fly.  
 I'd rise superior to my pain,  
 With joy outstrip the wind;  
 I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,  
 And leave the world behind.

- 2 While I'm imprison'd here below,  
 In anguish, pain, and smart;  
 Oft times those troubles I forego,  
 When love surrounds my heart.  
 In darkest shadows of the night,  
 Faith mounts the upper sky;  
 I then behold my heart's delight,  
 And would rejoice to die.
- 3 A few more days, or years, at most,  
 My troubles will be o'er;  
 I hope to join the heavenly host,  
 On Canaan's happy shore.  
 My rapt'rous soul shall drink and feast  
 In love's unbounded sea;  
 The glorious hope of endless rest,  
 Is ravishing to me.

## HYMN 30. C. M. PART FIRST.

- 1 **T**HAT glorious day is drawing nigh,  
 When Zion's light shall come;  
 She shall arise and shine on high,  
 Bright as the rising sun.  
 The north and south their sons resign,  
 And earth's foundations bend,  
 Adorn'd as a bride Jerusalem,  
 All glorious shall descend.
- 2 The King who wears the glorious crown,  
 The azure flaming bow,  
 The holy city shall bring down,  
 To bless the church below.  
 When Zion's bleeding conq'ring King,  
 Shall sin and death destroy,  
 The morning stars shall t'gether sing,  
 And Zion shout for joy.



- 3 The holy bright musician band,  
Who sing on harps of gold,  
Just by the course along they stand,  
Their gentle numbers roll,  
Descending with such melting strains,  
Jehovah they adore,  
Such shouts thro' earth's extended plains,  
Were never heard before.

## HYMN 31. C. M. PART SECOND.

- 1 **L**ET Satan rage and boast no more,  
Nor think his reign is long;  
Tho' saints are feeble, weak, and poor,  
Their great Redeemer's strong;  
In storms he is their hiding place,  
A covert from the wind;  
A stream from th' rock i' th' wilderness,  
Runs thro this weary land.
- 2 This crystal stream runs down from heav'n,  
It issues from the throne;  
The floods of strife away are driven,  
The church becomes but one.  
That peaceful union she shall know,  
And live upon his love;  
And shout and sing his name below,  
As angels do above.
- 3 A thousand years shall roll around—  
The church shall be complete;  
Call'd by the glorious trumpet's sound,  
Their Saviour for to meet;  
They rise with joy and mount on high,  
They fly to Jesu's arms;  
And gaze with wonder and delight,  
On their beloved's charms.

## HYMN 32. 4-8's &amp; 2-6's. PART FIRST.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's into his garden come,  
 The spices yield a rich perfume,  
 The lilies grow and thrive,  
 Refreshing streams of grace divine,  
 From Jesus flow; that living vine,  
 Which makes the dead revive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground,  
 With springs of water may be found,  
 And fruitful soil become;  
 The desert blooms, the Lord is come,  
 To make his people join in one,  
 And party zeal be gone.
- 3 That glorious day is rolling on,  
 That gracious work is now begun,  
 My soul a witness is;  
 I taste and know that grace is free,  
 And all mankind, as well as me,  
 May come to Christ and live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find,  
 A Saviour pitiful and kind,  
 Who will them all receive;  
 None are too vile who will repent,  
 Out of one sinner legions went,  
 The Lord did him relieve.
- 5 If sinners only knew their Lord,  
 Or could but taste his gracious word,  
 His sweet forgiving love;  
 They'd rush thro' storms of ev'ry kind,  
 And leave all earthly cares behind,  
 To gain a crown above.

HYMN 33. 4-8's & 2-6's. PART SECOND.

- 1 **C**OME brethren dear, who know the Lord,  
Who taste the sweets of Jesu's word,  
In Jesu's ways go on;  
Our poverty and trials here,  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home.
- 2 We feel that heaven is now begun,  
It issues from th' eternal throne,  
From Jesu's throne on high;  
It comes in floods we can't contain;  
We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
And yet we still are dry.
- 3 But when to that bright world we come,  
And all surround the glorious throne,  
We'll drink a full supply;  
Jesus will lead his ransom'd forth,  
To living streams of richest worth,  
That never will run dry.
- 4 O then we'll shine, and shout, and sing,  
And make the heavenly arches ring,  
When all the saints get home;  
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,  
We soon shall meet together there,  
For Jesus bids us come.
- 5 Amen! amen! my soul replies,  
I'm bound to meet him in the skies,  
And claim a mansion there;  
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,  
To meet you in the heavenly land,  
Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 34. C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,

- Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never with'ring flowers;  
Death like a narrow sea divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand drest in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Could we but make those doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And view the Canaan that we love,  
With unclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
Should fright us from the shore. [flood,

## HYMN 35. L. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the field—the world below,  
In which the sower came to sow;—  
Jesus the wheat,—Satan the tares;  
For so the word of God declares.
- CHO. And soon the reaping time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.
- 2 Most awful truth!—and is it so;  
Must all the world the harvest know?  
Is every man a wheat or tare?  
Then for the harvest, O prepare! &c.

3 To love my sins—a saint t' appear—  
 To grow with wheat, and be a tare,  
 May serve me while on earth below,  
 Where tares and wheat together grow : &c.

4 But all who truly righteous be,  
 Their Father's kingdom then shall see ;  
 Shine like the sun for ever there ;  
 He that hath ears, then let him hear : &c.

## HYMN 36. P. M.

1 **W**ANDERING pilgrims, mourning christians,  
 Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,  
 Who endure great tribulation,  
 And with griefs are much distress'd :  
 Christ has sent me to invite you,  
 To a rich and costly feast ;  
 Let not shame nor pride prevent you ;  
 Come, the rich provision taste.

2 If your heart be unbelieving,  
 Doubting Jesu's pard'ning love,  
 Lie hard by Bethseda, waiting  
 'Till the troubl'd waters move,  
 If no one appear to help you,  
 All their efforts prove but talk ;  
 Jesus, Jesus! he will cleanse you,  
 Rise, take up your bed and walk.

3 If, like Peter, you are sinking  
 In the sea of unbelief,  
 Wait with patience, constant praying,  
 Christ will grant you sweet relief ;  
 He will give you grace and glory,  
 All your wants shall be supplied ;  
 Canaan, Canaan ! lies before you,  
 Rise and cross the swelling tide.

4 Death shall not destroy your comfort,  
 Christ shall guide you through the gloom  
 Down he'll send a heav'nly concert,  
 To convey you to your home.  
 There you'll spend your days in pleasure  
 Free from every want and care ;

Come, oh! come my blessed Saviour!  
Fain my spirit would be there.

CHORUS: I'm bound for the kingdom,  
Will you go to glory with me,  
Halleluia, praise the Lord.

## HYMN 37. P. M.

1 **T**HE voice of free grace cries escape to the  
mountain,  
For Adam's lost race, he has opened a fountain,  
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,  
His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.

Halleluia to the Lamb who has bought us a pardon,  
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 This fountain's so wide, we may all find salvation,  
In Jesus's side there is plenteous redemption;  
Tho' your sins be increased as high as a mountain  
His blood can remove them, it streams from the  
fountain. Halleluia, &c.

3 In Jesus rejoice, triumphantly glorious,  
O'er sin death and hell, he is more than victorious,  
With shouting proclaim, oh! trust in his passion,  
We all may be sav'd with a certain salvation—&c.

4 Our Jesus proclaims his name all victorious,  
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious;  
To Jesus our King the great congregation,  
With triumph will sing, in ascribing salvation, &c.

5 On Zion we shall stand when escap'd to the shore,  
With palms in our hands we will praise him the  
more,  
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the  
And sing of salvation for ever and ever. [river.  
Halleluia to the Lamb, &c.

## HYMN 38. P. M.

1 **W**HAT sound is this salutes my ear,  
Methinks 'tis Jubal's trump I hear,  
Long look'd for now is come—

It shakes the heaven, earth, and sea,  
Proclaims the year of Jubilee,  
Return ye exiles home.

- 2 Behold the new Jerusalem,  
Illuminated by the Lamb,  
In glory doth appear—  
Fair Zion rising from the tombs,  
To meet the Bridegroom, lo! she comes,  
And hails the Jubilee year.
- 3 King Jesus takes her in his arms;  
Transported with his lovely charms,  
She thus begins to sing—  
'The howling winter's gone and past;  
The smiling season's come at last;  
Behold the rosy spring!'
- 4 The lark and linnet gladly sing,  
(While hills and vales around them ring,)  
'Scap'd from the fowler's snare;  
A thousand years she here shall dwell,  
And sing, while Satan's chain'd in hell;  
Which ends the Jubilee year.
- 5 The Dragon is let loose once more;  
All round the earth his trumpets roar,  
And is for war again—  
But he that sits upon the throne,  
Drives Satan and his armies down,  
To plough the fiery main.

## HYMN 39. C. M.

- 1 **W**HILE Jesus dwelt on earth below,  
Among the sons of men,  
He spar'd no pains to let them know,  
They must be born again.

- 2 We all have broke Jehovah's laws,  
And guilty must remain,  
Condemn'd to all the pains of hell,  
Till we are born again.
- 3 Alas! whate'er good works we do,  
His favour to obtain,  
They can't our sinful hearts renew;  
We must be born again.
- 4 Were we baptiz'd a thousand times,  
It would be all in vain;  
This cannot wash away our crimes  
We must be born again.
- 5 This is Jehovah's great decree;  
He always will maintain,  
That sinners, such as you and me,  
Must all be born again.
- 6 The word of God is firm and sure,  
And always will remain;  
Eternal wrath we must endure,  
Unless we're born again.
- 7 There's but one way for our escape,  
From everlasting pain;  
And that is through the narrow gate,  
Of being born again.

## HYMN 40. L. M. PART FIRST.

- 1 **WE** 'VE found the rock! (the travellers  
cried,) O glory! halleluia.  
The precious stone the prophets tried,  
Come sinners taste the balmy dew,  
Which flows from Christ, who died for you:  
Sing glory! halleluia!
- 2 This costly mixture cures the soul, &c.  
Which sin and guilt have made so foul;



Sinners repent, believe in God,  
And wash in Christ's atoning blood: &c.

3 O hearken then! 'tis Christ says, 'Come!'  
The bride is ready, let us run,  
For shelter in his bleeding side,  
The fountain still is open wide: &c.

4 In him what glory for the soul,  
Come, mourners, feel the torrent roll!  
Welcome, dear friends! 'tis joy, 'tis heaven  
To know, and feel your sins forgiven: &c.

5 With that blest sight we'll soar away,  
Enraptur'd with eternal day!  
Come, children, view your Maker stand,  
With palms of victory in his hand! &c.

HYMN 41. L. M. PART SECOND.

1 **O** COUNT this world below as dross,  
In hope of joy, sustain the cross!  
Who bear the cross, shall wear the crown,  
And on their Father's throne sit down, &c.

2 In hope of that extatic joy,  
Let us our every hour employ;  
And if we to the end endure,  
The crown of life for us is sure: &c.

3 His fiery chariots now do wait,  
To waft us through th' eternal gate,  
Where glitt'ring millions we shall join,  
To sound the praise of love divine: &c.

4 'Tis there we'll blow the golden lute,  
And praise the Lamb who gain'd our suit!  
Hail! great Emanuel! Lord of host!  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## HYMN 42. C. M. PART FIRST.

- 1 **C**OME all ye weary travellers,  
 And let us join and sing,  
 The everlasting praises,  
 Of Jesus Christ our King ;  
 We've had a tedious journey,  
 And tiresome, it is true  
 But see how many dangers  
 The Lord has brought us through.
- 2 In faith, in love, in patience,  
 We now are going on,  
 The pleasant road to Canaan,  
 Where Jesus Christ is gone ;  
 In peace and consolation,  
 We're going to rejoice,  
 And Jesus and his people  
 Shall ever be our choice.
- 3 Sinners ! why stand ye idle,  
 While we do march along ;  
 Has conscience never told you  
 That you are going wrong ?  
 Down the broad road to ruin,  
 To bear an endless curse—  
 Forsake your ways of sinning,  
 And go along with us.
- 4 But if you do refuse us,  
 We'll bid you now farewell ;  
 We're on the road to Canaan,  
 And you the way to hell ;  
 We're sorry thus to leave you  
 And rather you would go :  
 Come, try a bleeding Saviour,  
 And feel salvation flow.

## HYMN. 43. PART SECOND.

- 1 **A**T first when Jesus found us,  
He call'd us unto him :  
And pointed out the danger  
Of falling into sin ;  
The world, the flesh, and Satan,  
Will prove to us a snare,  
Except we do reject them,  
By faith and humble pray'r.
- 2 But by our disobedience,  
With sorrow we confess,  
We long have had to wander  
In a dark wilderness ;  
Where we might soon have fainted,  
In that enchanted ground,  
But now and then a cluster  
Of pleasant grapes we found.
- 3 The pleasant road to Canaan,  
Brings life, and joy, and peace :  
Revives our drooping spirits,  
And faith and love increase :  
We confess our Lord and Master,  
And run at his command,  
And hasten on our journey  
Unto the promis'd land.
- 4 Oh ! sinners be alarmed,  
To see your dismal state ;  
Repent and be converted,  
Before it is too late ;  
Turn to the Lord by praying,  
And daily search his word,  
And never rest contented,  
Until you find the Lord.

- 5 Now to the King immortal,  
 Be everlasting praise,  
 For in his holy service,  
 We mean to spend our days,  
 'Till we arrive at Canaan,  
 That glorious world above,  
 With everlasting praises,  
 Sing his redeeming love.

## HYMN 44. C. M.

- 1 **A**RISE, O Zion! rise and shine;  
 Behold thy light is come!  
 Thy glorious conqu'ring King is near,  
 To take his exiles home.  
 His trumpet's sounding through the sky,  
 To set poor captives free;  
 The day of wonder now is come,  
 The year of jubilee.
- 2 Ye heralds, blow your trumpets loud,  
 The earth shall know her doom;  
 Go spread the news from pole to pole,  
 Behold the Judge is come!  
 Blow out the sun, burn up the earth,  
 Consume the rolling flood;  
 While every star shall disappear,  
 Go turn the moon to blood.
- 3 Arise! ye nations under ground;  
 Before the Judge appear!  
 All tongues and languages shall come,  
 Their final doom to hear.  
 King Jesus on his dazzling throne,  
 Ten thousand angels round;  
 And Gabriel, with a silver trump,  
 Echoes an awful sound.

- 4 The glorious news of gospel grace,  
To sinners, now is o'er;  
The trump in Zion now is still;  
And to be heard no more.  
The watchmen all have left the walls,  
And with the flocks above,  
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,  
And shout redeeming love.

## HYMN 45. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE gospel news is sounding  
To nations far and near,  
Come listen to the echo,  
Now while 'tis sounding here;  
It brings you news of pardon,  
And joy, and love, and peace;  
And everlasting happiness,  
If you will it embrace.
- 2 You all may come, and welcome,  
This is the gospel news;  
So life and death's before you,  
Come, take you which you choose;  
I pray you be persuaded,  
Obey the gospel call,  
And taste the virtue of the blood  
Of him who died for all.
- 3 The way you now are trav'ling  
Leads down to the red sea,  
Where thousands all in ruin lie,  
Who travell'd the broad way.  
You're on the brink of ruin  
Of everlasting woe,  
And turn to God you quickly must,  
Or down to hell you'll go.

- 4 There you must weep, and gnash your teeth  
 With bitter groans and cries ;  
 No rest you'll have by day or night,  
 You'il never close your eyes.  
 The pains of death will pierce your soul,  
 Yet death will flee away,  
 And though in flames you ever burn,  
 You'll never burn away.
- 5 The gospel's sent to save you,  
 The kingdom's near at hand,  
 Repent and be converted,  
 And join our little band :  
 We're marching to fair Canaan,  
 To joys at God's right hand,  
 Where all the ransom'd sons of God  
 Around the throne do stand.

## HYMN 46. All 7s.

- 1 **C**OME and taste along with me,  
 Glory, glory, glory,  
 Consolation flowing free,  
 Praise him halleluia,  
 From our Father's wealthy throne, Glory, &c  
 Sweeter than the honey comb ; Praise, &c.

Blow ye the trumpet blow, glory, glory, glory,  
 Jesus Christ has died for you, praise him Halleluia.

- 2 Wherefore should I feast alone,  
 Two are better far than one ;  
 The more come in, with free good will,  
 Make the banquet sweeter still : &c.
- 3 Now I go to heaven's door,  
 Asking for a little more,  
 Jesus gives a double share,  
 Calling me his chosen heir : &c.

- 4 Goodness running like a stream,  
Through the new Jerusalem ;  
And now, by constant breaking forth,  
Sweetens earth and heaven both : &c.
- 5 Heaven here, and heaven there,  
Comforts flowing every where,  
This I boldly do profess,  
That my soul has got a taste : &c.
- 6 Now I go rejoicing home,  
From the banquet of perfume,  
Finding manna on the road,  
Dropping from the mount of God : &c.
- 7 Saints in glory sing aloud,  
Now they are the heirs of God,  
Coming in at heaven's door,  
Making of the number more : &c.
- 8 Soon in heaven we shall be,  
There our smiling Saviour see,  
Palms of vict'ry in our hands,  
Shining millions round us stand : &c.
- 9 Kingdoms we shall have above,  
Feast upon redeeming love.  
Crowns of gold we there shall wear,  
All our Father's blessing there ; &c.

## HYMN 47. C. M.

- 1 **A**RISE, ye servants of the Lord,  
Arise, his handmaids too,  
And preach to all his sacred word,  
And set the prize in view.
- 2 A kingdom offer, and a crown,  
With truth and righteousness,  
And bring, by faith, the blessing down,  
The floods of saving grace.

- 3 The seed of life eternal, sow  
 In every waiting heart;  
 Our God will make the harvest grow,  
 And all his love impart.
- 3 Both sons and daughters shall arise,  
 With peace and pardon blest;  
 And you shall share above the skies,  
 An everlasting rest.

## HYMN 48. S. M.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,  
 Who stand on Zion's hill;  
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
 And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice,  
 How sweet their tidings are!  
 Zion, behold thy Saviour King,  
 He reigns and triumphs here!
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
 That hear this joyful sound!  
 Which king's, and prophets, waited for,  
 And sought but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
 That see this heav'nly light!  
 Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
 And joyful tidings bring;  
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
 And deserts learn to sing
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm,  
 Through all the earth abroad,  
 Let ev'ry nation, now, behold  
 Their Saviour, and their God!



## HYMN 49. C. M.

- 1 **B**EYOND the glitt'ring starry skies,  
Far as as th' eternal hills,  
There in those boundless worlds of light,  
My dear Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,  
In countless armies shine,  
At his right hand with golden harps,  
To offer songs divine.
- 3 Hail, Prince! they cry, for ever hail!  
Whose unexampled love;  
Caus'd him to quit those glorious realms,  
And royalties above.
- 4 Through all his travels here below,  
They did his steps attend;  
Oft wond'ring how, and where, at length,  
The mystic scene would end.
- 5 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,  
With love and grief run o'er;  
They saw him break the bands of death,  
Which none e'er broke before.
- 6 They brought his chariot from above,  
To bear him to his throne,  
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cry'd,  
The glorious work is done.

## HYMN 50. P. M.

- 1 **I**'M glad I every saw the day, [glory, glory,  
We ever met to sing and pray, &c.  
I've glory, glory in my soul, sing glory,  
Which makes me praise my Lord so bold:
- 2 I hope to praise him when I die, in glory, &c.  
And shout salvation as I fly to glory,  
Sing glory, glory, through the air, glory,  
And meet my Father's children there in glory.

- 3 A few more rising sun's at most, sing glory,  
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast, in glory,  
There on mount Zion I shall stand, glory,  
Crown on my head, and harp in hand, sing
- 4 There I shall sing the song of praise, in, &c.  
With Jesus Christ my hiding place, sing, &c.  
And spend a long eternity, sing glory,  
In praising on the heav'nly key, in glory.
- 5 With Abraham and Isaac too, sing glory,  
And we have got the prize in view, sing glory  
Come on my friends, let's mend our pace, &c.  
For we shall see him face to face, in glory :
- 6 Come sinners, come along with us to glory,  
For there is room in that blest house, in glory,  
Repent, believe for holiness, glory, [glory.  
And you shall go and sing with us the song of
- 7 There Jesus sits upon his throne, in glory,  
And he shall bring his exiles home, to glory,  
He'll raise the top-stone, shouting grace, &c.  
While our hosannas fill the place, with glory,
- 8 Higher, still higher swells the strain, in glory,  
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign, in glory,  
There bursting joys thè note prolong, glory,  
And halleluias crown the song of glory.

## HYMN 51.

- 1 **I**S there any body here like weeping Mary ?  
Call to my Jesus, and he'll draw nigh ;  
O glory, glory, halleluia,  
Glory be to God who rules on high.
- 2 Is there any body here like sinking Peter ?
- 3 Is there any body here like blind Bartimeus ?
- 4 Is there any body here like faithless Thomas ?
- 5 Is there any body here that wants salvation ?

## HYMN 52. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME my brethren, let us try,  
For a little season,  
Every burden to lay by;  
Come and let us reason!  
What is it that casts you down,  
What are they that grieve you?  
Speak, and let the worst be known;  
Speaking may relieve you.
- 2 Christ, at times, by faith I view,  
And it doth relieve me;  
But my doubts return anew;  
These are they that grieve me.  
Troubled like the restless seas,  
Feeble, faint, and fearful;  
Plagu'd with every sore disease,  
How can I be cheerful?
- 3 Think on what your Saviour bore,  
In the gloomy garden!  
Sweating blood at every pore,  
To procure your pardon!  
View him nail'd on yonder tree,  
Bleeding, groaning, grieving!  
See! he suffer'd this for thee;  
Therefore be believing.

## HYMN 53. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain, I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow, and love, flow mingled down!

54 *Camp-Meeting Hymn.*

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love, so amazing! so divine!  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 54. 4-8's & 2-6's.

- 1 **C**AMP Meetings with success are crown'd,  
The wilderness and barren ground,  
Now blossom as the rose;  
The spices yield a rich perfume,  
The rising lilies kindly bloom,  
And heavenly wisdom grows.
- 2 The num'rous praying, preaching host,  
Baptized with the Holy Ghost,  
The heavenly standard raise;  
They preach, and pray, and sweetly sing,  
And hills, and fields, and vallies, ring  
With the Creator's praise.
- 3 Now sinners turning to the Lord,  
And falling down beneath the word,  
For mercy loudly cry;  
But when they taste his pard'ning love,  
And feel the witness from above,  
They rise, and shout for joy.
- 4 To him who does our hearts inspire,  
Baptizes all our souls with fire,  
And makes us meet for heaven;  
To Christ, the Lord who reigns on high,  
Who rules the ocean, earth, and sky,  
Be endless praises given.

HYMN 55. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE harvest fields are whitening,  
The labourers are few ;  
The rising sun is brightening,  
The Master calls for you.  
The first ripe fruits appearing,  
Require your instant care ,  
The wheat its brightness bearing,  
Calls for your labours here.
- 2 See ! how the fields are bending,  
With loads of golden grain ;  
The love of God descending,  
Enlivens all the plain.  
Your fleeting lives are wasting,  
Arise and come away ;  
The day of God is hastening,  
The awful Judgment day.
- 3 The world will then be burning,  
While sinners quake with fear,  
But you with sheaves returning,  
Will see the Lord appear.  
And in his glory shining,  
You'll with the reapers come,  
And with Arch-angels joining,  
You'll shout the harvest home.

HYMN 56. P. M. PART FIRST

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, visit thy plantation,  
Send us now a gracious rain :  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again.

**CHORUS :** Pour thy spirit, pour thy spirit  
Into every longing breast ;  
And begin in this good hour  
To revive thy work afresh.

- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,  
 Shine upon us from on high,  
 Lest for want of thine assistance,  
 Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,  
 Every part look'd gay and green;  
 Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,  
 Happy seasons we have seen.
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,  
 And a sad decline we see;  
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed!  
 Help can only come from thee.

## HYMN 57. P. M. PART SECOND.

- 1 **W**HERE are those we counted Leaders  
 Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?  
 Old professors, tall as cedars,  
 Bright examples to our youth.
- CHO. Pour thy Spirit, pour thy Spirit  
 Into every longing breast;  
 And begin in this good hour,  
 To revive thy work afresh.
- 2 Some in whom we once delighted,  
 We shall meet no more below:  
 Some, alas! we fear are blighted;  
 Scarce a single leaf they shew.
- 3 Younger plants, the sight how pleasant,  
 Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;  
 But they cause us grief at present,  
 Frosts have nipt them in the bud.
- 4 Gracious Saviour! hasten hither;  
 Thou canst make them bloom again;

O permit them not to wither !  
Let not all our hopes be vain.

- 5 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayer ;  
Keep each one esteem'd thy servant,  
From the world's bewitching snare.
- 6 Break the tempter's fatal power ;  
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;  
And begin from this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh.

## HYMN 58. 4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **F**ARE ye well ! ye fav'rite few,  
I must bid you all adieu !  
But the Lord is with you still,  
Fear you not but fare you well !
- 2 Fare ye well ! ye little flock,  
Whom the world revile and mock ;  
Keep the way to endless bliss,  
Then you cannot fare amiss.
- 3 Fare ye well ! my Lord's elect,  
Trials you must all expect ;  
From the world, the flesh, and hell,  
But the faithful shall fare well.
- 4 You who taste a Saviour's love,  
Feel his drawings from above ;  
Still endeavour to excel,  
You shall finally fare well.
- 5 Feeble souls, with fear opprest  
Jesus bears you on his breast ;  
He will all your foes dispel,  
Fear ye not, but fare you well !

- 6 When a few more storms are o'er,  
 We shall meet to part no more;  
 Meet with Jesus Christ to dwell,  
 In a world where all fare well.

## HYMN 59. P. M.

- 1 **B**Eauteous are the feet of those,  
 Who on the mountains move,  
 Winning souls to Christ the Lord!  
 We welcome such in love.  
 Halleluia, praise the Lord.

- 2 Happy few, who wield the sword,  
 Whom Jesus doth approve;  
 Winning souls to Christ the Lord!  
 We welcome such in love. &c.

- 3 Blest ambassadors of God,  
 Who every blessing prove,  
 Cleansed in the purple flood;  
 We welcome such in love. &c.

- 4 We receive the messengers,  
 From Jesus' courts above;  
 Joyfully blest harbingers,  
 We welcome such in love.

## HYMN 60. L. M.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,  
 Let the Creator's praise arise!  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
 In every land by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!  
 Eternal truth attends thy word!  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.



## HYMN 61. 7's &amp; 6's.

- 1 **G**O labour in the vineyard,  
You'll find a sure reward;  
You hear a whisper inward,  
It is your dying Lord.
- 2 His voice to you is calling,  
Why stand ye here all day?  
The aged poor are falling,  
Go work, and watch and pray.
- 3 The infant buds are blooming,  
Go prune each rising shoot;  
The vintage day is coming,  
Go load yourself with fruit.
- 4 And call your friends and neighbours,  
To share this work of love;  
Till resting from your labours,  
You shine with Christ above.

## HYMN 62. 6-8's.

- 1 **A**GAÏN with wonder and delight,  
To God we now our voices raise;  
Our ransom'd powers shall all unite,  
To speak the great Creator's praise:  
To him alone the praise belongs;  
He is the theme of all our songs.
- 2 'Twas he who call'd us from the womb,  
And gently sooth'd our little fears;  
Tho' oft our minds to earth would roam,  
His mercy crown'd our tender years;  
He kept us in our infant days,  
And taught us how to lisp his praise.
- 3 He is our help in time of need;  
Both life and health to us are given

On temporal food our bodies feed,  
 Our souls partake the bread of heaven;  
 From him our every blessing flows,  
 Ten thousand gifts his hand bestows.

- 4 How oft have we his goodness seen,  
 And feasted on his tender care;  
 He has our kind preserver been,  
 E'er since we breath'd the vital air;  
 His gentle hand supports us still,  
 And leads us on to Zion's hill.

HYMN 63. C. M. *Lovefeast.*

- 1 **L**ET all who make the Lord their choice,  
 The pious Lovefeast keep;  
 Rejoicé with them that do rejoice;  
 And weep with them that weep.
- 2 'Twas Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,  
 Who did the wine-press tread;  
 And thro' his gracious name alone,  
 Are all his children fed.
- 3 Come, brethren, now declare his love!  
 Come, sisters, speak his praise;  
 He sends us manna from above,  
 And lengthens out our days.
- 4 All glory, be to Christ the Lord,  
 Who shed his precious blood,  
 And sends his Spirit and his word,  
 To bring us back to God.

HYMN 64. S. M.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, to thee I bow,  
 Opprest with sin and pain;  
 I ask thy grace, believing now,  
 Nor can I ask in vain.

2 Thou lov'st to hear me cry ;  
 Though I deserve thy frown ;  
 Now let my faith ascend the sky,  
 And bring the blessing down.

3 I long to hear thee say,  
 My vengeful wrath is o'er ;  
 Go now in peace ; pursue thy way ;  
 Believe, and sin no more.

HYMN 65. 4-8's & 2-6's.

1 **T**HY sons and daughters, Lord, behold !  
 More precious than the finest gold ;  
 O guide them with thine eye !  
 Thy holy Spirit richly pour,  
 And fill their hearts, this gracious hour,  
 That they may prophesy.

2 May signs and wonders still be wrought,  
 And numbers, by their preaching, brought  
 To know the truth divine !  
 May all the powers of hell give way !  
 And thousands, taught to sing and pray,  
 In holy worship join.

3 Endue them, Lord, with power and grace,  
 To preach thy word in every place,  
 To sinners, born to die !  
 Enlarge their power of doing good,  
 That millions, sprinkled with thy blood,  
 May meet thee in the sky.

4 Bring them, at last, to see thy face,  
 And triumph in redeeming grace,  
 With all thy saints in light ;  
 And, seated round thy throne divine,  
 With angels and archangels join  
 To worship in thy sight.

HYMN 66. 4-8's &amp; 2-6's.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY and Eternal God,  
 Look from the place of thine abode,  
 On us, who here agree;  
 Who rise on faith's triumphant wings,  
 And mount above all earthly things,  
 Thy lovely face to see.
- 2 We come to thee, the sinner's Friend!  
 Before thy gracious throne we bend,  
 And pour a ceaseless prayer;  
 We do not worship thee alone,  
 In temples made of brick or stone,  
 But in the open air.
- 3 Camp-meetings thou delight'st to bless;  
 Our fathers, in the wilderness,  
 Laid the foundation stone:  
 Thou didst their humble hearts inspire,  
 And we, like them, have caught the fire,  
 And make salvation known.
- 4 And while we now thy grace proclaim,  
 May sinners catch the heav'nly flame,  
 And know their sins forgiven!  
 Now, Lord, thy choicest gifts impart!  
 Write thy new name on every heart,  
 And make us meet for heaven.

HYMN 67. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS accept my worthless heart;  
 The creatures long have had a part;  
 But now to thee I all resign;  
 O take it, Lord, and seal it thine!
- 2 My secret thoughts, tho' black as night  
 Are all expos'd before thy sight;

Thine eye has all my wanderings seen;  
Thou know'st how cold my love has been.

- 3 But still I feel a spark within;  
O let it burn up every sin!  
My littleness of love I mourn,  
And fain I would to thee return.
- 4 Still, Lord, shall I ungrateful be,  
And love the creature more than thee?  
Ah! no! I'll give my wand'rings o'er,  
And pray for grace to love thee more.

## HYMN 68. 4-7's.

- 1 **F**ARE ye well, ye pious band,  
March ye on for Canaan's Land;  
Tread on all the powers of hell,  
March in faith, and you'll fare well.
- 2 Fare ye well! brave soldiers dear,  
Crowns of life ye all may wear;  
Christ will all your foes repel;  
Fight in faith, and you'll fare well.
- 3 Fare ye well! ye saints of God,  
Wash'd and cleans'd in Jesus' blood;  
Strive in goodness to excel;  
Live to God, and you'll fare well.
- 4 Fare ye well! poor sinners too,  
Jesus Christ still waits for you;  
Now repent, and 'scape from hell;  
Flee to Christ, and you'll fare well!

## HYMN 69. C. M.

- 1 **D**IRECT me in thy way, O Lord!  
And guide me in the race;  
That I may feed upon thy word,  
And daily grow in grace.

- 2 May wisdom shine upon my path,  
 And fill my soul with light;  
 Teach me to walk by living faith,  
 And act as in thy sight.
- 3 May hope my steadfast anchor prove,  
 In every trying hour;  
 Give me to feel thy dying love,  
 And know thy rising power.
- 4 Impart, O Lord, thy heav'nly grace,  
 To every waiting soul;  
 And may the fruits of righteousness  
 Adorn and crown the whole!

## HYMN 70. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Nicodemus came by night,  
 To see the Son of Man;  
 Christ shew'd him, by the gospel light,  
 He must be born again.
- 2 A kingdom, Jesus Christ made known,  
 Which always shall remain;  
 But we can never share his throne,  
 Except we're born again.
- 3 Black darkness must our portion be,  
 If we in sin remain;  
 God's kingdom we can never see,  
 Except we're born again.
- 4 But sure as you can feel the wind,  
 You may his grace obtain;  
 You may with Jesus Christ be join'd,  
 And know you're born again.
- 5 From every sin at once depart,  
 And cast off every chain;  
 Believe in Christ with all your heart,  
 And you'll be born again.

HYMN 71.    S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known:  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround his throne:  
Let those refuse to sing,  
Who never knew our God:  
But servants of the heavenly King,  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 2 The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas;  
This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He will send down his heavenly powers,  
To carry us above.
- 3 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below:  
Celestial fruit, on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow:  
Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching thro' Emanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 72.    6-8's.

- 1 **G**REAT Author of eternal day,  
Disclose the beauties of thy face;  
Chase all the gloom of guilt away,  
And shed abroad thy heavenly grace:  
Thou great victorious Chief, go on,  
And give the heathen to thy Son.

- 2 Now let thy glorious gospel spread,  
 O'er all the nations here below;  
 Speak, mighty God, and raise the dead,  
 And to the world salvation show!  
 Shed forth thy light and truth around,  
 That all may know the joyful sound.
- 3 Let sinners hear thy pardoning voice,  
 And know, and feel their sins forgiven;  
 Bid every mourning soul rejoice,  
 And find on earth the way to heaven;  
 With purest love their hearts inspire,  
 And fill the world with heavenly fire.

## HYMN 73. P. M. PART FIRST.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners! Christ has suffer'd  
 You from every sin to free;  
 Life eternal now is offer'd,  
 Thro' his death upon the tree.  
 Christ will give you consolation,  
 If from sin you will refrain;  
 O repent, and seek salvation!  
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.
- 2 While to Jesus you are strangers,  
 You no comfort can enjoy;  
 You're expos'd to fears and dangers;  
 Death and hell before you lie.  
 Can you bear God's indignation?  
 Can you dwell in endless pain? O, &c
- 3 If you feel your sins a burden;  
 If you are with griefs opprest;  
 You may now find peace and pardon,  
 Christ invites you to his breast.  
 Can you slight the invitation?  
 Crucify your Lord again? O, &c.



HYMN 74. P. M. PART SECOND.

- 1 **S**INNERS you will soon be dying,  
 Death will give the dreadful wound;  
 Then for mercy you'll be crying,  
 Mercy then may not be found!  
 All will then be consternation;  
 Worldly prospects will be vain;  
 O repent, and seek salvation!  
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.
- 2 Tho' his grace you long have slighted,  
 He receiveth sinners still;  
 Thieves and harlots are invited;  
 All may come, whoever will.  
 O how free the invitation!  
 Can you still in sin remain? O, &c.
- 3 Jesus reigns, and saints adore him;  
 Devils tremble at his rod;  
 Angels veil their face before him;  
 Worms of earth, behold your God!  
 Turn to Jesus, every nation!  
 Let his love each heart constrain! O, &c.

HYMN 75. C. M.

- 1 **W**E seek a glorious rest above,  
 A land of endless light;  
 A heaven of happiness and love,  
 A city out of sight.
- 2 We seek a house not made with hands,  
 Where pleasures never die;  
 Which on a sure foundation stands,  
 Eternal in the sky.
- 3 We many sore temptations meet,  
 While in this vale of woe!

But these will make our joys more sweet,  
When we to glory go.

- 4 Then let us now as soldiers fight,  
Against the world and sin;  
For if we keep our armour bright,  
We shall the battle win.
- 5 Though the Egyptians are behind,  
And rocks on either hand,  
We who in Christ are sweetly join'd,  
Shall reach the promis'd land.
- 6 We'll bid farewell to all our grief,  
Our cares will soon be o'er;  
A few more storms will land us safe,  
On that eternal shore.

HYMN 76. L. M.

- 1 **Y**E sons and daughters of the Lord,  
Arise, and preach his sacred word;  
Go forth, endu'd with power and grace,  
And preach the word in every place.
- 2 In streets, and lanes declare his name,  
And in highways his truth proclaim;  
In open fields the standard raise,  
And sound the great Jehovah's praise.
- 3 To wretched outcasts straight make known,  
What Christ the Lord for them hath done;  
Go lead them to the Saviour's blood.  
That they may praise a pardoning God,
- 4 Unlock the treasures of his grace,  
To every child of Adam's race;  
Teach them in righteousness to grow,  
And perfect holiness below.

HYMN 77. 4-7's.

- 1 **J**ESUS hath devis'd a plan,  
To restore rebellious man!  
And hath made the way so plain,  
We may all be born again.
- 2 Yea, he by his death alone,  
Did for all our sins atone;  
Other sacrifice is vain;  
We must all be born again.
- 3 He the sure foundation is,  
All may share immortal bliss;  
But we ne'er with him can reign,  
Unless we are born again.
- 4 Truly we are dead in sin,  
Till we feel his power within;  
We shall in our sins remain,  
Until we are born again.
- 5 Sinners, now his grace implore;  
Trust in vanity no more;  
All such trusts are dead and vain;  
You must all be born again.
- 6 Satan bids you not to pray;  
But, ye sinners, come away;  
Christ, the Lamb on Calvary slain,  
Cries, Ye must be born again.

HYMN 78. 4-8's & 2-6's.

- 1 **C**HRI<sup>ST</sup> Jesus' track we still pursue;  
In the highways and hedges too,  
At his command we go;  
We, like a trumpet, cry aloud,  
And lift our voice among the crowd,  
That all his truth may know.

## HYMN 79. 4-8's &amp; 2-6's.

- 1 **T**HAT awful day is drawing near,  
 When earth her instant doom shall hear,  
 And all in smoke expire;  
 Behold th' Almighty Judge draws nigh,  
 He rides triumphant in the sky,  
 Reveal'd in flaming fire!
- 2 I see him now with glory crown'd,  
 While skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
 All tremble at his nod;  
 Our nature he no more assumes,  
 But with th' archangel's voice he comes,  
 And with the trump of God.  
 He comes to seal the sinners' doom,  
 At his command they leave the tomb,  
 And tremble with affright;  
 They sink beneath his awful frown,  
 While devils drag their spirits down,  
 To realms of endless night!
- 4 He comes, to make his people blest;  
 To hide the pilgrim in his breast,  
 And bid his troubles end;  
 If now we humbly watch and pray,  
 Tho' heaven and earth may pass away,  
 The Judge will be our friend.

## HYMN 80. L. M.

- 1 **C**AMP Meetings with thy presence crown,  
 And show'r, O Lord, thy blessings down;  
 Fill every heart with holy zeal,  
 And all thy righteousness reveal.
- 2 O'er all our hosts do thou preside,  
 And all our various movements guide;

The praying companies attend,  
And show thyself the sinner's friend.

- 3 Pour out thy Spirit on thy sons,  
And visit thy anointed ones;  
May every virgin trim her lamp,  
And glory rest upon our camp.
- 4 May prayer and praise united rise,  
Like holy incense to the skies,  
In all our hosts display thy power!  
May souls be born again this hour!

## HYMN 81. S. M.

1 **F**ATHER, behold thy Son,  
Who suffer'd, bled, and died!  
Hearken to his expiring groan,  
And draw me to his side.

2 There shall my soul be blest;  
There let me ever dwell;  
Hide me, O hide me, in thy breast,  
From all the powers of hell!

3 Suffer me not to stray;  
I trust in thee alone;  
Keep me, till call'd from earth away,  
Then take me to thy throne.

## HYMN 82. C. M.

1 **U**P into thee, our living Head,  
Let us in all things grow;  
Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.

2 Then when the mighty work is wrought,  
Receive thy ready bride;  
Give us in heaven a happy lot,  
With all the sanctified.

## HYMN 83. 6-8's.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a bush that burns with fire;  
 Yet unconsum'd amidst the flame!  
 Moses beheld with strange desire,  
 Not knowing how or whence it came.  
 He turn'd aside with humble fear,  
 But little thought that God was there.
- 2 Truly the Burning Bush appears,  
 An emblem of the Church below;  
 Tho' much oppress'd with doubts and fears,  
 From conqu'ring we to conquer go;  
 While unconsum'd amidst the flame,  
 We shout our great Deliverer's name.
- 3 He hears the cry of all his saints,  
 (For he was once oppress'd with grief,)  
 His heart is touch'd with their complaints,  
 And soon he gives them sweet relief;  
 He bears a part in all their pain,  
 And passes by the dazzling train.
- 4 Though daily tried as in the fire,  
 They shall come forth as gold refin'd;  
 On wings of faith they shall aspire,  
 And leave the world and sin behind;  
 The Church shall find eternal rest,  
 When safely lodg'd in Jesus' breast.

## HYMN 84. 4-8's &amp; 2-6's.

- 1 **T**HE seventh trumpet we shall hear,  
 The great white throne shall then appear,  
 Ten thousand angels round;  
 Jehovah turns the moon to blood,  
 Blows out the sun, consumes the flood,  
 And burns the solid ground.

- 2 Arise, ye nations! and come forth,  
 From east and west, from south and north,  
     Behold, the Judge is come!  
 What horror strikes each guilty breast,  
 Compell'd to stand the solemn test,  
     And hear their final doom!
- 3 'Depart, ye cursed, down to hell!  
 'With howling fiends for ever dwell,  
     'No more to see my face!  
 'My gospel calls ye have withstood,  
 'And trampled on my precious blood,  
     'And laugh'd at offer'd grace.
- 4 See, parents and their children part!  
 Some shout for joy, 'some bleed in heart,  
     Never to meet again;  
 In fiery chariots Zion flies,  
 And quickly gains the upper skies,  
     On Canaan's dazzling plain.
- 5 My soul is struggling to be there,  
 I long to rise and wing the air,  
     To trace the heavenly road;  
 Adieu! adieu, all earthly things!  
 O that I had some angel's wings,  
     I'd quickly see my God!

## HYMN 85. C. M.

- 1 **O** THAT in me, the sacred fire  
 Might now begin to glow!  
 Burn up the dross of base desire,  
 And make the mountains flow.
- 2 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
 And all my sins consume!  
 Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call!  
 Spirit of burning come!

## HYMN 86. P. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Judge descending!  
 See! on the plains of light,  
 Ten thousand saints attending,  
 Array'd in spotless white!  
 With rapture they adore him,  
 The Judge of quick and dead;  
 While vengeance rolls before him,  
 And Justice crowns his head.
- 2 The trumpet's voice, like thunder,  
 Sounds thro' this earthly ball;  
 The tombs are rent asunder,  
 The dead obey his call.  
 With joy the saints assemble  
 Before the judgment seat;  
 While guilty sinners tremble,  
 Their awful doom to meet.
- 3 Tho' once the Saviour suffer'd,  
 And did for sin atone;  
 Mercy no more is offer'd,  
 But justice fills the throne!  
 He pours his indignation  
 Upon the guilty race,  
 Who would not seek salvation,  
 But scorn'd his offer'd grace.

## HYMN 87. 4-7's.

- 1 **C**OME ye children, young and dear,  
 Harken to the Teacher's voice;  
 Christ will teach you whom to fear,  
 Christ will make your hearts rejoice.
- 2 Would you wish for length of days?  
 Would you wish to know what's good?



Would you wish your Lord to praise?  
Would you wish to feel his blood?

- 3 Keep your tongue from every ill,  
Keep your lips from speaking guile;  
Wait to know your Saviour's will,  
Strive to walk beneath his smile.
- 4 From all evil straight depart,  
Follow Christ in doing good;  
Seek for peace with all your heart,  
Seek for peace in Jesus' blood.

## HYMN 88. C. M.

- 1 **I**'LL look, perhaps my Lord may come!  
If I turn back hell is my doom;  
If I ne'er find that sacred road,  
I'll perish crying out for God

## HYMN 89. 4-8's &amp; 2-6s.

- 1 **T**HE Lord into his garden comes,  
The dreary desert richly blooms,  
And all the spices grow;  
The sun breaks forth with shining beams.  
And grace descends in living streams,  
To bless the church below.
- 2 Among the lilies now he walks,  
And with his children sweetly talks,  
And fills their hearts with love;  
In storms he is their hiding place,  
He gently leads them by his grace,  
And hides their life above..
- 3 Come brethren, now declare his name,  
Come Sisters, come, his grace proclaim,  
And sing his dying love!

90-91 *Table of the Lord.*

Join every heart and every hand,  
To do whate'er our Lord command,  
Until we meet above.

HYMN 90. C. M.

**R**EFINING fire go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole.

HYMN 91. L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a table richly spread,  
With wine and milk and heav'nly bread!  
A plenteous feast of Gospel grace,  
A feast prepar'd for all our race.
- 2 The Saviour's name is now ador'd,  
By thousands who surround the board;  
Jesus invites poor sinners still,  
And all may come whoever will.
- 3 Ye worins of earth no longer doubt :  
The Saviour will not cast you out ;  
Why should you meet an awful doom ?  
When Jesus cries, There yet is room.
- 4 Room in the precious means of grace,  
Room in the Saviour's sweet embrace,  
Room in the fountain of his blood,  
Come now and plunge beneath the flood.
- 5 Room in the kingdom of his love,  
Room in the Father's house above;  
Ten thousand saints his name adore,  
But still he cries, There's room for more.

HYMN 92. C. M.

1 **O** ALL ye nations praise the Lord,  
Ye people give him praise,  
Who gives us plenteously his word,  
And lengthens out our days.

2 His mercy flows in living streams,  
His promise is divine ;  
His truth displays its glorious beams,  
And shall for ever shine.

HYMN 93. C. M.

1 **S**ALVATION in sweet flowing streams,  
Thro' Canaan's land doth roll,  
Proceeding from the throne of God,  
To bathe a pilgrim's soul.

Ten thousand, thousand crowns of gold,  
All set with diamonds bright ;  
And there my Lord and Saviour reigns,  
And fills me with delight.

2 My soul's on fire with warm desire,  
To see Jerusalem ;

The city bright, the saints' delight,  
Whose keeper is the Lamb.

A holy flame runs thro' my frame,  
Methinks the King I see,

In glory bright, cloth'd all in light,  
And immortality.

3 My soul, what glories do appear,  
Throughout that land to thee !

There all the saints are cloth'd in white,  
And walk in liberty.

The Father, Son, and Spirit one,  
In blazing glories shine,

With countless harps and flaming tongues  
Employ'd in hymns divine.

93\*—94—95 *Supplication.*

HYMN 93\*. C. M.

- 1 **O** THAT thou would'st the heavens rent,  
In majesty come down ;  
Stretch out thine arm Omnipotent,  
And seize me for thine own.
- 2 Descend, and let thy lightnings burn  
The stubble of thy foe ;  
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,  
And make the mountains flow !

HYMN 94. L. M.

**O** GRACIOUS Lord how good thou art?  
Thou still dost to a worm impart,  
Thy glorious grace, with faith and love,  
And feed'st me from thy courts above.

HYMN 95. 4-8's & 2-6's.

- 1 **L**OOK Jesus from thy lofty throne,  
And make to us thy goodness known,  
Who in thy service join ;  
Disperse the gloom of hellish night,  
And let a ray of heav'nly light,  
In every bosom shine.
- 2 The work already is begun ;  
Now Jesus let thy gospel run  
Throughout this earthly ball ;  
Where Satan long has fix'd his throne,  
Let thy redeeming love be known,  
And let his kingdom fall.
- 2 Many already know thy name,  
Now mighty God thyself proclaim,  
To all our helpless race ;  
Revive thy work victorious King,  
And let the barren deserts sing  
The glories of thy grace.

## HYMN 96. P. M.

- 1 **S**ERVANTS of the great Jehovah,  
Now go forth at his command ;  
He will bless your feeble efforts,  
Own the labours of your hand ;  
Run ye heralds  
Spread the Gospel through the land.
- 2 Enter every town and village,  
Light and truth shall then abound,  
Tell poor guilty dying sinners,  
What a Saviour you have found :  
Lift your voices,  
Though the powers of hell surround:
- 3 Satan's kingdom now is falling,  
Courage your great Captain cries ;  
Though you may be counted foolish,  
Truly you confound the wise,  
Nought can harm you,  
Though the rich and poor despise.
- 4 Tho' you are expos'd to dangers,  
While you o'er the deserts roam ;  
Trust in Jesus for protection,  
Till to brighter worlds you come ,  
Be not weary,  
Soon you will arrive at home.

## HYMN 97. L. M.

- 1 **W**HERE shall my soul begin to sing,  
The praises of my God and King,  
Who left his Father's throne above,  
And stoop'd to win a mortal's love.
- 2 Behold he quits the realms of day,  
Ye messengers prepare his way ;

- Proclaim his saving power abroad,  
And cry, 'Behold the Lamb of God!'
- 3 Prepare the way a herald cries,  
Ye mountains fall, ye vallies rise;  
He visits now our mean abode,  
Sinners! behold the Lamb of God!
- 4 He liv'd a suffering life below,  
To save us from eternal woe;  
This spacious earth on which he trod,  
Cries out 'Behold the Lamb of God!'
- 5 Hark!: how he groans upon the tree,  
He suffers this for you and me;  
His sweat, his agony, and blood,  
Cry out, 'Behold the Lamb of God!'
- 6 'Tis finish'd,' our Immanuel cries,  
Then bows his sacred head and dies;  
He bows beneath the chastening rod,  
And shews himself the 'Lamb of God.'

## HYMN 98. C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, how wonderful art thou,  
In all thy works and ways!  
The hosts above before thee bow;  
Creation speaks thy praise.
- 2 But though thou art exalted high,  
In brighter worlds above,  
On earth thou cast'st a gracious eye,  
And mortals taste thy love.
- 3 Thou now art calling all around,  
That sinners may repent;  
O may thy gospel's joyful sound  
Make every heart relent!

- 4 From east to west, from south to north,  
 Let all thy heralds fly;  
 Yea, at thy word they now go forth,  
 And to the nations cry.

## HYMN 99. C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU chusest not the rich and great  
 To spread thy truth around;  
 By foolish men, of low estate,  
 Thou dost the wise confound.
- 2 These are expos'd to rain and wind,  
 While o'er the wastes they roam;  
 They leave their dearest friends behind;  
 Their kindreds, and their home.
- 3 They lift the standard of the cross,  
 That all the world may see;  
 All earthly things they count but loss,  
 And give up all for thee.
- 4 O crown their labours with success,  
 Thou God of love divine!  
 O condescend their work to bless,  
 And be the glory thine!

HYMN 100. 4-7's *Lovefeast.*

- 1 **J**ESUS view our feast of Love!  
 Met we are thy grace to prove;  
 Met from different places here,  
 In our midst do thou appear.
- 2 Now the flame of Love impart,  
 Enter every waiting heart,  
 Purge away our every stain,  
 Conqu'ring Jesus come and reign.
- 3 May we all improve the hour,  
 Sing and pray and speak with power,

Now to inward work attend,  
Now from wand'rings, Lord defend!

- 4 May each waiting heart be free ;  
Every thought be fix'd on thee,  
Pride and shame, and fear give way,  
May we speak for God to day !

## HYMN 101. C. M.

- 1 **W**HERE shall my soul begin to sing,  
The great Redeemer's love?  
To praise the everlasting King,  
Who left his throne above?
- 2 O love, what a delightful theme!  
How charming is the sound?  
'Twas love that did the world redeem,  
No other help was found.
- 3 Angels have strove, but all in vain,  
To view the great design;  
'Tis mystery all! they can't explain,  
The depth of love divine.
- 4 My feeble voice I cannot raise,  
As angels do above,  
Yet while I've breath, I'll sing the praise,  
Of his redeeming love.
- 5 And when I lose this stammering tongue,  
I'll sing as loud as they,  
Salvation shall be all my song,  
Through one eternal day.

## HYMN 102. 4-6's &amp; 2-8's.

- 1 **C**OMMISSION'D Lord by thee,  
We raise the joyful sound;  
By men of low degree,  
'Thou spreadst thy truth around;



The wise and great with wonder gaze,  
While babes and sucklings shout thy praise.

- 2 While thou, the sinner's friend,  
Didst for our coming wait,  
Thou lov'd'st to condescend  
To men of low estate:

The world was fill'd with great amaze,  
While babes and sucklings sung thy praise.

- 3 Tho' high exalted now  
In brighter worlds above,  
Thou dost so lowly bow,  
That all may taste thy love;  
While saints in light their triumphs raise,  
Let babes and sucklings shout thy praise.

- 4 Tho' fools and madmen, we  
Are counted here below,  
Our hearts are up to thee,  
From whom all blessings flow;  
We shall be counted truly wise,  
When landed far above the skies.

HYMN 103. P. M.

- 1 GREAT Jehovah, God Almighty,  
God supreme, in persons three!  
All creation speaks thy greatness,  
Heaven and earth are full of thee!  
Angels cannot sound the depths of Deity.
- 2 Didst thou not in the beginning,  
Speak ten thousand worlds from nought?  
Sure thy power can find no limits;  
Matchless works thy hands have wrought;  
Mighty wonders! Far above all human thought.
- 3 Now we praise thee for creation;  
Thanks and praise to thee belong!

104—105      *Born again.*

But the precious gift of Jesus,  
Still demands a nobler song:  
How amazing! Praise him ev'ry heart & tongue!

- 4 Thou thyself didst freely give him,  
To redeem our fallen race;  
O that all might now receive him!  
Fly to his belov'd embrace!  
Come ye sinners!  
Come and taste a Saviour's grace!

HYMN 104. C. M.

1 **B**Y nature we are prone to sin,  
And all our thoughts are vain;  
Eternal life we ne'er can win,  
Till we are born again.

2 In vain we seek for bliss below,  
While sin doth in us reign;  
True happiness we ne'er can know,  
Till we are born again.

3 No sacrament, no outward form,  
Can save from endless pain;  
We must be of the Spirit born;  
We must be born again.

4 Sinners, we ne'er can enter heaven,  
Or life eternal gain,  
Until we know our sins forgiven,  
And feel we're born again.

HYMN 105. 4-8's & 2-6's.

1 **H**ARK! how the gospel trumpet charms!  
Enlist with Christ, take up your arms,  
Gird on your sword and shield;  
While glory bright inspires the fight,  
We'll slay the bloody sons of night,  
And thus we'll gain the field.

- 2 O then we'll meet our blessed Lord,  
Then we'll not need a shield or sword,  
But nobler arms employ;  
When millions of bright years are gone,  
Eternity has just begun,  
A never-ending joy!
- 3 All glory be to God on high,  
Who made the ocean, earth, and sky,  
Glory to him be given;  
I long to see my gracious King,  
My soul's now rising, while I sing,  
To scale the mount of heaven.
- 4 I long to gain the mountain's height,  
To see the Lord, my soul's delight,  
I'm flaming with desire,  
To join the dazzling armies bright,  
Ten thousand, thousand, cloth'd in white,  
In blazing worlds of fire.

HYMN 106. C. M.

- 1 **Y**É guilty souls to Jesus bow,  
Who made your peace with heav'n,  
'Tis he himself invites you now,  
Repent and be forgiven.
- 2 Your sins may be in number more,  
Than sand by tempest driven,  
But if his mercy you implore,  
You may be all forgiven.
- 3 No longer slight his offer'd love,  
Lest you to hell be driven;  
He left his Father's throne above,  
That you might be forgiven.

- 4 Only believe the record true,  
 Believe, and yours is heaven;  
 Believe that Jesus died for you,  
 And all your sin's forgiv'n.

## HYMN 107. P. M.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are the garments  
 The bride of Christ doth wear!  
 He adorns with his presence,  
 And feeds her with his care;  
 He decks her with rich jewels,  
 And crowns her with his love,  
 And by his mighty power,  
 He'll bear her safe above.

- 2 We'll bid farewell to sorrow,  
 To sickness, care, and pain,  
 And mount aloft with Jesus,  
 For ever there to reign.  
 We'll join to sing his praises,  
 Above the ethereal blue,  
 And then poor careless sinners,  
 What will become of you?

## HYMN 108. 4-8's &amp; 2-6's.

- 1 **B**UT will my soul be e'er extinct,  
 And cease to live, and cease to think?  
 It cannot, cannot be!  
 No! my immortal cannot die!  
 What wilt thou do, or whither fly,  
 When death shall set thee free?
- 2 Will mercy then her arms extend?  
 Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,  
 And heaven thy dwelling-place?

Or shall insulting fiends appear,  
And drag thee down to dark despair,  
Below the reach of grace?

3 A heaven, or hell, and these alone,  
Beyond the present life are known,  
There is no middle place;  
To-day attend the call divine;  
To-morrow may be none of thine;  
Or it may be too late!

4 O do not pass this as a dream!  
Vast is the change, whate'er it seem,  
To poor unthinking man!  
Lord, at thy footstool I would bow!  
Bid conscience plainly tell me now,  
What it would tell me then!

5 If in destruction's road I stray,  
Help me to chuse the better way,  
That leads to joys on high;  
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,  
Nor let me ever dare to live,  
Such as I dare not die.

## HYMN 109. C. M.

1 **O** WHAT a glorious sight appears  
To my believing eyes;  
Methinks I see Jerusalem,  
A city in the skies;  
Bright angels whispering me away,  
'O come! to glory come!'  
And I am willing to be gone,  
To my eternal home.

2 By faith I see my gracious God,  
On his eternal throne;

110—111 *The Living Vine.*

At his right hand the loving Lamb,  
The Spirit, Three in One!  
O that my faith was strong to rise,  
To bear my soul away;  
I'd shout Salvation in the skies,  
To all eternity.

HYMN 110. C. M.

- 1 **Y**E worldly pleasures now begone,  
I bid you all adieu!  
From strength to strength I travel on,  
With glory in my view.
- 2 I haste to brighter worlds above,  
Where sin can never come;  
Jesus shall keep me lest I rove,  
And grace shall lead me home.
- 3 O Christians! let your willing feet,  
The heavenly way pursue;  
And when I reach the blissful seat,  
I hope to meet with you.
- 4 Then we no more shall parted be,  
But all in love unite;  
We shall the King of glory see,  
And worship in his sight.

HYMN 111. P. M. PART FIRST.

- 1 **M**Y soul is now united,  
To Christ the living vine;  
His grace I long have slighted,  
But now I feel him mine;  
I was to God a stranger,  
Till Jesus took me in;  
He free'd my soul from danger,  
And pardon'd all my sin.

- 2 Soon as my all I ventur'd  
On the atoning blood,  
His Holy Spirit enter'd,  
And I was born of God.  
Still Christ is my salvation,  
What can I covet more?  
I fear no condemnation,  
My Father's wrath is o'er.
- 3 By floods and flames surrounded,  
I now my way pursue;  
Nor shall I be confounded  
With glory in my view;  
I taste a heavenly pleasure,  
And need not fear a frown,  
Christ is my joy and treasure,  
My glory and my crown.

## HYMN 112. P. M. PART SECOND.

- 1 **T**HO' in a world of sickness,  
While on my Saviour's breast,  
He strengthens all my weakness,  
And makes me truly blest;  
He cheers my drooping spirit,  
And fills me with his love,  
And soon I shall inherit  
Those shining realms above.
- 2 While on the banks of Jordan,  
I now would launch away,  
But O this earthly burden  
Still forces me to stay;  
Could I but see my Jesus,  
And scale the mountain's height,  
How would I shout his praises  
In yonder realms of light.

113—114     *Resurrection.*

3 Christians, be not faint-hearted,  
    Tho' least among the flock,  
From Christ you'll ne'er be parted,  
    While built upon the rock;  
Let's mend our pace to glory,  
    We soon shall meet above,  
And sing the pleasing story,  
    Of his redeeming love.

HYMN 113.     P. M.

**W**HEN the sixth seal shall open,  
    The trumpet shall sound,  
To awake God's dear children,  
    Who sleep under ground;  
Their souls and their bodies  
    Shall then join in one,  
And each from their Saviour  
    Receive a bright crown.

HYMN 114.     4-8's & 2-6's.

- 1 **O** CHRISTIANS! don't you want to go,  
    And leave your cares and fears below,  
    To see that heavenly place?  
And never to return again,  
To this dark world of sin and pain,  
    From his sweet smiling face?
- 2 No nauseous thing for us to fear;  
Nor sin nor pain can enter there,  
    To interrupt our peace;  
But drink and swim in seas of love,  
God's perfect holiness to prove,  
    And glory still increase.
- 3 O sinners! what think you of this,  
Ye restless wand'ers after bliss?  
    Stop, and no longer roam;



The road you're in leads down to hell,  
Where fury, flames, and dragons dwell,  
Where hope can never come.

- 4 Hark! from the skies your Saviour cries;  
And stands, your bleeding sacrifice,  
And offers you his love;  
Sinners, awake! see your mistake,  
And strive to shun the fiery lake,  
And reign with him above.

## HYMN 115. P. M.

- 1 **H**OW prone are professors to rest on their lees,  
To study their profit, their pleasure & ease;  
Tho' God says, arise, and escape for your life,  
And look not behind you—Remember Lot's wife!
- 2 Awake from your slumber, the warning receive;  
'Tis Jesus that warns you, the message believe;  
While dangers are pending, escape for your life,  
And look not behind you—Remember Lot's wife!
- 3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to stay,  
And tell you, no dangers are found in the way;  
He means to deceive you, escape for your life,  
And look not behind you—Remember Lot's wife!
- 4 How many poor souls, has the serpent beguil'd!  
With specious temptations how many defil'd!  
Then be not deluded, escape for your life,  
And look not behind you—Remember Lot's wife.
- 5 The ways of religion true pleasures afford,  
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord;  
Forsake then the world, and escape for your life,  
And look not behind you—Remember Lot's wife!
- 6 But if you're determin'd the call to refuse,  
And venture the way of destruction to chuse,  
For hell you will part with the blessings of life,  
And then, if not now, you'll remember Lot's wife!

HYMN 116. 4-7's.

- S**AVIOUR, give us power to pray,  
 While assembled here to-day;  
 Let not now our waiting heart,  
 From the living God depart.
- 2 Saviour give us faith to claim,  
 All that's promis'd in thy name;  
 Raise us from the grave of sin,  
 Now the quick'ning work begin.  
 Now the mighty moving give,  
 Let the dead begin to live,  
 All our doubts remove away,  
 Give us power to watch and pray.
- 4 Visit every waiting heart,  
 Now the life of God impart;  
 Let us now together sing;  
 Nearer now thy blessing bring.
- 5 Now the blind begin to see;  
 Now the captive soul is free;  
 Soldiers all begin to sing,  
 Glory to our conqu'ring King!

HYMN 117. P. M.

- 1 **O**H! ye young, ye gay, ye proud!  
 You must die and wear the shroud;  
 Time will rob you of your bloom,  
 Death will drag you to the tomb,  
 CHO. Then you'll cry, and want to be,  
 Happy in eternity.
- 2 Will you go to heaven or hell?  
 One you must, and there to dwell;  
 Christ will come, and quickly too,  
 I must meet him, so must you, &c.

- 3 The white throne will soon appear;  
All the world must then draw near;  
Sinners will be driven down,  
Saints will wear a starry crown, &c.

HYMN 118, 6-8's.

1 **B**EHOLD what wond'rous love and grace!  
When we were wretched and undone,  
To save our ruin'd helpless race,  
The Father gave his only Son!  
Of twice ten thousand gifts divine,  
No gift like this could ever shine.

2 Jesus, to save us from our fall,  
Was made incarnate here below;  
This was the greatest gift of all!  
Heav'n could no greater gift bestow;  
On him alone our sins were laid,  
'Tis finish'd! now the ransom's paid.

3 O gift of love unspeakable!  
O gift of mercy all divine!  
We once were heirs of death and hell,  
But now we in his image shine:  
For other gifts our songs we raise,  
But this demands our highest praise.

4 Praise shall employ these tongues of ours,  
'Till we, with all the hosts above,  
Extol his name with nobler powers,  
Lost in the ocean of his love:  
While angel choirs with wonder gaze,  
We'll fill the heavens with shouts of praise!

HYMN 119. C. M.

1 **O** COME, my Saviour! come away,  
And bear me thro' the sky;

Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,  
 Make haste and bring it nigh.  
 I long to see thy glorious face,  
 And in thine image shine;  
 To triumph in victorious grace,  
 And be for ever thine.

2 Then will I tune my harp of gold,  
 To my eternal King;  
 Thro' ages that can ne'er be told;  
 I'll make his praises ring.  
 All hail, eternal Son of God,  
 Who died on Calvary;  
 And sav'd me by thy precious blood,  
 From endless misery.

3 Ten thousand thousand join in one,  
 To praise th' eternal three;  
 Prostrate before the blazing throne,  
 In deep humility.  
 They rise and tune their harps of gold,  
 And sweep th' immortal lyre;  
 And ages that can ne'er be told,  
 Shall raise thy praises higher.

HYMN 120. 6's & 7's.

1 **C**OME; sinners! come to Jesus,  
 Who died for you and me;  
 'Tis he alone who frees us,  
 From endless misery.  
 In deep humiliation,  
 His blessing now implore,  
 The day of visitation,  
 With you will soon be o'er.

2 Sinners, what are you doing,  
 Upon the verge of hell;

You're hast'ning on to ruin,  
 Where fiends and devils dwell.  
 Can you endure for ever,  
 The vengeance of a God?  
 Methinks I see you shiver,  
 Beneath his angry rod.

- 3 We all are prone to wander;  
 How can we thus depart?  
 But if to God we render  
 An undivided heart,  
 Though in the day of wonders,  
 He comes, reveal'd in fire,  
 Amidst ten thousand thunders,  
 We'll raise his praises higher.

HYMN 121. C. M.

- 1 **Y**E sons and daughters of the Lord,  
 Arise, and prophesy;  
 Make known, make known his pard'ning  
 To sinners doom'd to die. [word,
- 2 The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven,  
 Shall back the living word;  
 And numbers by his grace forgiven,  
 Shall rise and praise the Lord.
- 3 May thousands and ten thousands rise,  
 To claim a heavenly crown;  
 And reign with Christ above the skies,  
 And on his throne sit down.

HYMN 122. P. M.

- 1 **S**OME who make a great profession,  
 Meet in Jesus' church below,  
 Yet, alas! have no possession,  
 Not a single fig to show.

- 2 O ye barren souls! remember,  
 Tho' his anger may be slow,  
 Tho' he's merciful and tender,  
 Yet he'll surely give the blow.
- 3 Cumb'ers you can't go unpunish'd,  
 Justice orders, 'Cut them down.'  
 Tho' your souls he oft admonish'd,  
 Yet you're cumb'ers of the ground.

## HYMN 123. 4-7's.

- 1 **O** YE nations! hear the word,  
 Of your Saviour Christ the Lord!  
 He cries out, Ye sons of men,  
 You must all be born again.
- 2 Weak by nature, prone to sin,  
 All unholy, all unclean;  
 You will still in sin remain,  
 Till your souls are born again.
- 3 Christ hath died to save you all,  
 From the ruins of the fall;  
 Died, forgiveness to obtain,  
 You may now be born again.
- 4 Now with every idol part,  
 Turn to God with all your heart;  
 Throw off every sinful chain,  
 You may now be born again.
- 5 Christ will wash you in his blood,  
 Christ will bring your souls to God,  
 He will cleanse your every stain,  
 You will then be born again.

## HYMN 124. C. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,  
 Until we meet again!

*The Lord will provide.* 125—126

Perhaps in time; or as we rise,  
Above the fiery main.

- 2 We'll join the royal armies bright,  
In presence of the Lamb;  
We'll tune our harps, and sing free grace,  
In love's eternal flame.

**HYMN 125. 10's & 11s. PART FIRST.**

- 1 **T**HO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us, Whatever betide,  
The promise assures us, 'The Lord will provide.'
- 2 The birds without barn, or storehouse are fed.  
From them let us learn, To trust for our bread:  
His saints, what is fitting, Shall ne'er be deny'd,  
So long as 'tis written, 'The Lord will provide.'
- 3 We all may, like ships, By tempests be tost,  
On perilous deeps, But need not be lost;  
Tho' Satan enrages, The wind and the tide,  
The Scripture engages, 'The Lord will provide.'
- 4 His call we obey, Like Abraham of old,  
We know not the way, But faith makes us bold;  
For tho' we are strangers, We have a sure Guide;  
And trust in all dangers, 'The Lord will provide.'

**HYMN 126. PART SECOND.**

- 1 **W**HEN Satan appears to hedge up our path,  
And fills us with fears we conquer through  
He cannot take from us, Tho' oft he has tried, [faith;  
The heart cheering promise, 'The Lord will provide.'
- 2 He tells us we're weak, Our hope is in vain,  
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;  
But when such temptations, our graces have tried,  
This answers all questions, 'The Lord will provide.'
- 3 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,  
Our trust is alone in Jesus's name;  
In this our strong tower, For safety we hide,  
The Lord is our power, 'The Lord will provide.'

# 127—128      *Encouragement.*

4 When life sinks apace, And death is in view,  
The word of his grace, Shall bring us safe thro'  
Nor fearing nor doubting, With Christ on my side,  
I hope to die shouting, 'The Lord will provide.'

## HYMN 127    C. M.

- 1 **A** THOUSAND oracles divine,  
Their common beams unite;  
That sinners may with angels join  
To worship God aright;  
To praise a Trinity ador'd  
By all the hosts above:  
And One thrice happy God and Lord,  
Thro' endless ages love.
- 2 Triumphant host! they never cease  
To laud and magnify  
The Triune God of Holiness,  
Whose glory fills the sky.  
Whose glory to the earth extends,  
'When God himself imparts,  
And the whole Trinity descends  
Into our waiting hearts.

## HYMN 128.    All 7's

- 1 **C**OME, my christian brethren! come,  
Let us take our journey home;  
Tho' we many trials meet,  
Jesus makes our trials sweet.  

CHO. We shall soon with Jesus be,  
Happy in eternity.
- 2 Brother Christians doubt no more,  
Christ your Saviour's gone before;  
He himself has mark'd the way,  
Leading to eternal day. We &c.
- 3 Let us never be afraid  
For on Christ our help is laid;



He will all our foes o'ercome,  
He will take his exiles home. We &c.

4 Tho' the world revile and mock,  
We are built upon the rock;  
And while thus we dwell secure,  
Christ will make our goings sure. &c.

5 Let us then in faith go on,  
Till our heavenly race is run;  
Though the world and satan frown,  
We shall soon obtain a crown. We, &c.

## HYMN 129. L. M.

1 **T**HOU holy God, whom saints adore,  
Whom Cherubims stand veil'd before,  
How shall I now approach thy throne?  
And make to thee my sorrows known.

2 Thy offer'd grace I long withstood,  
And still my works I counted good;  
But now I trust thy grace alone,  
For I've no merits of my own.

3 Come Jesus come, thou heav'nly guest,  
And take possession of my breast;  
Destroy in me the love of sin,  
And ever reign thyself within.

4 Take my poor heart and make it new,  
My passion and my pride subdue;  
Thine, wholy thine, I long to be,  
O make me perfect all like thee!

5 Accomplish now the great design,  
And let my will be lost in thine;  
O might I into nothing fall,  
And humbly crown thee Lord of all.

HYMN 130. C. M.

1. **I**N evil long I took delight,  
Unaw'd by shame or fear,  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopp'd my wild career.
2. Methought I saw one on the tree,  
In agony and blood,  
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
As near the cross I stood.
3. Sure never till my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look ;  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
'Though not a word he spoke.
4. My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair,  
I saw, my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there.
5. A second look he gave, which said,  
I freely all forgive ;  
My blood was for thy ransom paid,  
I die that thou mayst live.

HYMN 131. 4-6's & 2-8's.

1. **H**ARK! hear the trumpet's sound!  
It blows both loud and shrill ;  
The soldiers now surround  
The top of yonder hill,  
See! see the flag on yonder pole!  
The very sight delights my soul.
2. What numbers round it stand,  
They seem as if combin'd,  
To fight with heart and hand,  
And with undaunted mind,

Determin'd to maintain their ground,  
Tho' devils, earth, and hell surround.

3 The serjeant says, 'I'm here,  
In Jesus' name to-day;  
Come be a volunteer,  
No longer now delay;  
Come join the ranks, be not afraid,  
The King himself is on parade.

4 Your clothing will be white,  
Your bounty very large;  
You'll never need to fight,  
A warfare at your charge.  
But all that come must surely be,  
Determin'd, Lord, to fight for thee.

5 'Tis Jesus who commands,  
'Tis he who does desire,  
To pluck you all as brands,  
Out of eternal fire;  
O! seize your arms, to Jesus fly,  
Resolv'd for him to live and die.

HYMN 132. C. M.

- 1 **P** RINCES shall feed your flocks, and keep  
With tender care the Lambs;  
They'll safely lead the older sheep,  
And number all their names.  
The Lord's your everlasting light,  
Your mourning days are past,  
Your city is the Lord's delight,  
And shall no more be waste.
- 2 Your mountains shall with honey flow,  
The hills with milk and wine;  
The valleys full of corn shall grow,  
And pastures full of kine.

My glory your rere-ward shall be,  
 And I'll before you go,  
 Until you come my face to see,  
 And all my goodness know.

3 My signs in heaven you shall see,  
 And hear my trumpet blow ;  
 The sun and moon shall darken'd be,  
 By this you all may know,  
 The year of my redeem'd is come,  
 To set poor Zion free ;  
 Return, return, ye exiles home,  
 It is the jubilee.

4 My lightning round the world shall fly,  
 While rumbling thunders roll,  
 But you shall mount the melting sky,  
 And gain the happy goal.  
 There on a bright and flowery plain,  
 Your blazing harps shall ring ;  
 The Lamb that was on Calvary slain,  
 Shall sound from every string.

HYMN 133. L. M. PART FIRST.

- 1 **F**ATHER from whom all blessings rise,  
 'Tis thou that rul'st the lofty skies,  
 Exalted far above all height,  
 In yon thrice-happy world of light.
- 2 Hallowed be thy sacred name,  
 Whom all the angel choirs proclaim ;  
 Who wast, and shalt for ever be,  
 The One Supreme, Eternal Three.
- 3 Thy kingdom come in righteousness,  
 That heathen worlds thy name may bless ;  
 Now let the powers of darkness fall,  
 And Jesus Christ be Lord of all.

- 4 Jehovah, now thy righteous will,  
Give us with meekness to fulfil,  
As saints in brighter worlds unknown,  
Who bow before th'eternal throne.

HYMN 134. L. M. PART SECOND.

- 1 **W**E have by thee been richly fed,  
Still give us, Lord, our daily bread;  
And O we pray thee now impart  
The bread of life to every heart.
- 2 Grant this, that we thy praise may show,  
As we forgive our every foe,  
Do thou our trespasses forgive,  
And let us to thy glory live.
- 3 Leave us not in the trying hour,  
But save us from temptation's power,  
Lest it should lead our feet astray,  
And draw us from the narrow way.
- 4 Take now the kingdom for thine own,  
Thine is the power, and thine alone;  
Thy vast dominion we adore;  
Thine is the glory evermore.
- 5 While Angels raise their grateful songs,  
Let earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Extol the glories of thy reign,  
And every creature say—Amen!

HYMN 135. C. M. *Christmas.*

- 1 **S**HEPHERDS rejoice, lift up your eyes,  
And send your fears away;  
News from the region of the skies;  
A Saviour's born to day!
- 2 Jesus, the God whom angels fear,  
Comes down to dwell with you;

136—137 *Prayer-Meetings, &c.*

- To-day he makes his entrance here,  
But not as monarchs do.
- 3 Go, shepherds where the infant lies,  
And see his humble throne;  
With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
Go, shepherds kiss the son.
- 4 Glory to God who reigns above,  
Let peace surround the earth;  
Mortals shall know their Maker's love.  
At their Redeemer's birth.
- 5 Lord, and shall angels have their songs,  
And men no tunes to raise?  
Oh! may we lose these useless tongues,  
When we forget to praise.
- 6 Glory to God who reigns above,  
Who pitied us forlorn,  
We join to sing our Maker's Love,  
For there's a Saviour born.

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*Selection for Prayer-Meetings, &c.*

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HYMN 136. C. M. PART I.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honours of thy name.

HYMN 137. C. M. PART II.

- 1 **J**ESUS the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease:

'Tis music in the sinners ears ;  
Tis life, and health and peace.

- 2 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the prisoner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean :  
His blood avail'd for me.

HYMN 138. C. M. PART III.

- 1 **H**EAR him ye deaf, his praise ye dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy !

- 2 With me, by faith, ye then shall know ;  
Shall feel your sins forgiven ;  
Anticipate your heaven below,  
And own that love is heaven.

HYMN 139. L. M.

**T**AKE my poor heart, and let it be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee !  
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.

HYMN 140. 6 Lines 8's.

- 1 **O** LOVE Divine ! what hast thou done ?  
Th' incarnate God hath died for me !

The Father's co-eternal Son

Bore all my sins upon the tree :

The incarnate God for me hath died !

My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.

- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,  
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace !

Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,

And say, was ever grief like his !

Come, feel with me his blood applied :

My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.

# 141—142—143—144

## HYMN. 141. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME let us join our cheerful songs,  
 With angels round the throne ;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one ;
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, (they cry)  
 To be exalted thus ;  
 Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,  
 For he was slain for us.

## HYMN 142. C. M.

- 1 **Q**UICK as the apple of an eye,  
 O God my conscience make !  
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
 And keep it still awake.
- 2 O may the least omission, pain  
 My well instructed soul !  
 And drive me to the blood again,  
 Which makes the wounded whole.

## HYMN 143. 6 Lines 8's.

**P**EACE, doubting heart, my God's I am !  
 Who form'd me man, forbids my fear ;  
 The Lord hath call'd me by my name ;  
 The Lord protects for ever near :  
 His blood for me did once atone,  
 And still he loves and guards his own.

## HYMN 144. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, to thee I cry ;  
 Thee only would I know ;  
 Thy purifying blood apply,  
 And wash me white as snow.
- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,  
 Purge my iniquity ;  
 Unless thou wash my soul from sin,  
 I have no part with thee.



145—146—147—148—149

HYMN 145. C. M.

**B**EHOLD, for me the Victim bleeds,  
 His wounds are open'd wide :  
 For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,  
 And speaks me justify'd.

HYMN 146. 6 Lines 8's.

**C**OME, O thou Traveller unknown,  
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see.  
 My company before is gone,  
 And I am left alone with thee :  
 With thee all night I mean to stay,  
 And wrestle till the break of day.

HYMN 147. S. M.

1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,  
 A God to glorify ;  
 A never dying soul to save,  
 And fit it for the sky :

2 To serve the present age,  
 My calling to fulfil ;  
 O may it all my powers engage  
 To do my Master's will.

HYMN 148. C. M.

1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,  
 A heart from sin set free ;  
 A heart that always feels thy blood  
 So freely spilt for me !

2 A heart in every thought renew'd,  
 And full of love divine ;  
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
 A copy, Lord, of thine !

HYMN 149. 6 Lines 8's.

**O** LOVE, thou bottomless abyss !  
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee ;

## 150—151—152—153

Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,  
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,  
Mercy, free boundless Mercy, cries!

HYMN 150. C. M.

- 1 **H**ELP us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear,  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.
- 2 Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

HYMN. 151. C. M.

- 1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

HYMN 152. L. M.—*Asking a Blessing.*

**B**E present at our table Lord,  
Be here and every where ador'd;  
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in paradise with thee.

HYMN 153. L. M.—*Returning Thanks.*

**W**E thank thee Lord for this our food,  
We praise thee more for Jesus' blood;  
Let manna to our souls be giv'n,  
The bread of life sent down from heav'n.

**I** ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
 Bid us now depart in peace,  
 Still on gospel manna feeding,  
 Let our faith and love increase.  
 Fill each breast with consolation,  
 Up to thee our voice we raise,  
 When we reach thy blissful station,  
 Then we'll give thee nobler praise!

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